New Songs of the Gospel

No. 3

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New Songs of the Gospel
No. 3

For Use in
Religious Meetings

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C. AUSTIN MILES
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EDITORS

PRICES:

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LET EVERYBODY SING.

SINCE "New Songs of the Gospel, No. 2" was issued in January, 1905, more than 600,000 people (allowing one copy to a person) have sung the songs contained in the book; it was a revelation to the Christian public: in

"NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL, No. 3"

we believe the acme of song book making has been reached, and no such song book, considering the price, has ever been offered to Christian worshippers.

"NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL, No. 3"

has a large number of new pieces that have never before been published, yet these pieces have been privately tried and pronounced excellent by a competent committee of gospel song users.

In addition to the new songs, there is a great variety of the best and most popular gospel songs by nearly all of the well-known song writers. We recognize the fact that

"NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL, No. 3"

will be used largely in gospel and evangelistic services, Young People's meetings and in Sunday Schools: hence, we have added two important departments: they are

Department of Consecration and the Holy Spirit.
Department of Invitation.

These departments we believe will be of great value in most services.

We trust that great spiritual uplift may result from the use of this book, and that many may sing the old gospel in a new form.

THE PUBLISHERS.

LET EVERYBODY SING.

New Songs of the Gospel,

No. 3.

No. 3.

Begin in Me.

Rev. T. M. Eastwood. Herbert J. Lacey.

1. O Lord in me thy work re - vive, Be - gin this ver - y hour;
2. Thy wea ry Church has wait - ed long, May it not wait in vain;
3. Might but a show'r of grace descend, Our hearts would lose their gloom,
4. O help thy peo - ple, one and all, Thy prom - ise to be - lieve,
5. We seek, O Lord, thy bless - ing now With one prolonged de - sire;

O may my eyes in rap - ture see Thy Spir - it's might - y pow'r.
Break thro' the darksome clouds we dread And send re - fresh - ing rain.
The bar - ren hills would all re - joice, The wil - der - ness would bloom.
And o - pen thou our ev - 'ry heart Thy bless - ing to re - ceive.
De - lay no lon - ger, gra - cious God, The pen - te - cost - al fire.

Chorus.

Be - gin in me, be - gin in me Thy work of love and pow'r;

O Spir - it of the Liv - ing God, Be - gin this ver - y hour.

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No. 4.

There is Joy in My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. I will not be wea - ry, tho' tri - als may come, And troub - les be-
2. I can - not be wea - ry when he is my rest; Whate'er my tempt-
3. There's joy that no language or thought can ex - press, It comes from his

fore me I see,..... But count them as noth - ing compared with the love
a - tions may be,..... I'll trust in his prom - ise be - cause he has said:
presence di - vine;..... And when in his like - ness at last I a - wake,

CHORUS.

Of Je - sus, my Sav- iour, to me.....
"My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."..
Its full - ness I know will be mine!...
} I'll sing of his love, of his

won - der- ful love, Tho' bil- lows like mountains may roll;..... I fear not the

tempest, I dread not the storm, For O, there is joy in my soul.....

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No. 5.

The Homeland Beyond.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER, D. D. D. LANSING SPOONER.

1. There's a homeland, be- yond life's wide sea, Where the ransomed for - ev - er shall
2. To that homeland no sor - row can come; In that homeland no weeping is
3. From that homeland none ev - er shall stray; Ships shall nev-er go sail- ing a-

be; In that home, bright and fair, There's no pain, grief, nor care; Blessed
known; Loved ones, part - ed, shall meet; Life for - ev - er be sweet; Blessed
way; There is love, home and rest On the dear Sav - iour's breast; Blessed

CHORUS.

homeland, I'm long - ing for thee. There's a place in that homeland for

you, ... There's a place in that homeland for me; ..... When the journey is
yes, for you, yes, for me;

o'er, And we reach that fair shore, In the homeland for - ev - er we'll be.

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No. 6.

Lead Me.

REV. T. M. EASTWOOD. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O Fa - ther, when my troubled soul Is toss'd on storm - y sea,
2. And when the night is drear and dark, So that I can - not see,
3. When in the cheerless wild - er - ness, I far a - stray may be,
4. O Fa - ther, lead me all my way, And make my foot - steps free,

When bil - lows roar, and tor - rents pour, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.
No gleam of star, no moon a - far, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.
The path un - known, my - self a - lone, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.
The way to go I nev - er know, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.

CHORUS.

Lead me when the bil - lows roar, Lead me when the torrents pour, Lead me on the storm - y sea,.....
Lead me when the bil - lows roar, O lead me, Lead me when the tor - rents pour, O lead me Lead me on the storm - y sea, Bless - ed Saviour, lead thou me. O lead thou me.

rit.

Bless - ed Sav - iour, lead thou me.
Lead thou me.

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No. 7.

My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life - work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. O the soul - thrill- ing rap - ture when I view his bless- ed face, And the
3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck - on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot- less white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem- er when I
lus - tre of his kind - ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will
lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth - er side, And his smile will be the first to wel- come me.
mer - cy, love, and grace, That pre - pares for me a man - sion in the sky.
sing my wel- come home; But I long to meet my Sav - iour first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - iour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know..... him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand;
I shall know him,

I shall know..... him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hands.
I shall know him,

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No. 8.

The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring- ing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a - rouse ye soldiers brave and true Je - ho - vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to- ry, The bow of prom - ise

heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic - to - ry, The
vic- t'ry will as- sure: Go buck - le on the ar- mor God has giv - en you, And
spans the east - ern sky; His glo- rious name in ev - 'ry land shall honored be, The

Chorus. *Unison.*

tri-umph of the right will soon appear.
in his strength un-to the end en-dure.
morn will break the dawn of peace is nigh.
} The fight is on, O chris-tian sol - dier, And face to

face in stern ar - ray.....With ar- mor gleam- ing, and col - ors streaming, The right and

Harmony.

wrong engage to-day; The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in his might hold

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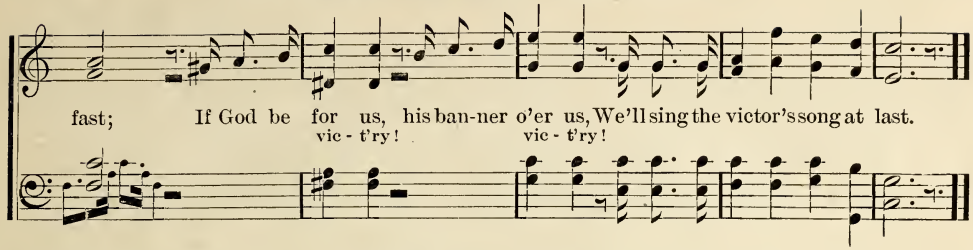
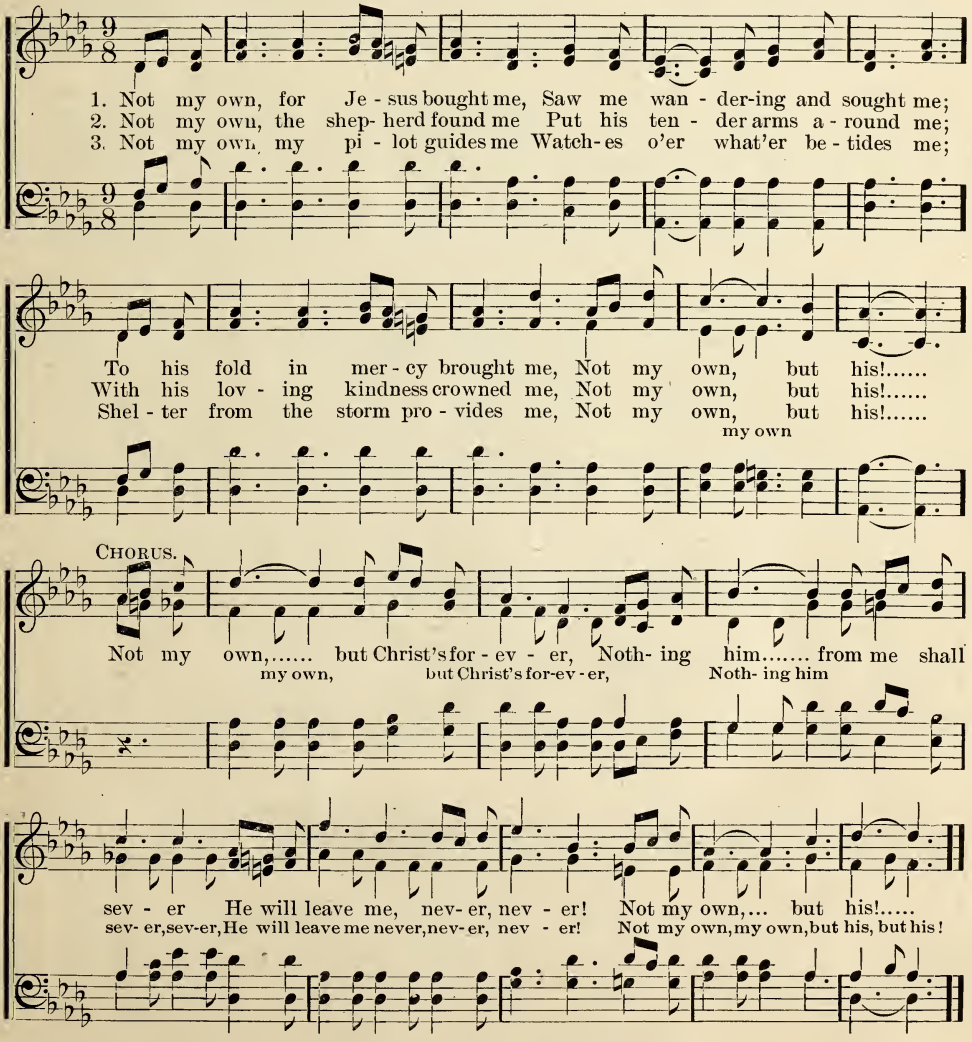
The Fight is On.—Concluded.



No. 9. Not My Own.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. AUSTIN MILES.



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No. 10.

Whosoever.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. "Who - so - ev - er," saith the Lord, And par - don for my sins I see;
2. Noth- ing but my - self I bring, And of my sins would par - doned be;
3. Should I fail to know his grace, Or turn a - way from Cal - v'ry's tree,
4. O - pen then, O pearl - y gates, And let my ransomed soul come in,

For I be - lieve and trust his word, And "who - so - ev - er" must mean me.
So, weep- ing, to thy cross I cling, For "who - so - ev - er" must mean me.
I'll cry, while look- ing in his face, That "who - so - ev - er" still means me.
My Sav - iour for my com - ing waits, His blood has cov - ered all my sin.

Chorus.

The word of God hath spo - ken In prom - is - es un - brok - en, And
par - don for my sins I see; There's light on Cal- v'ry's mountain, And
life in Calv'ry's fountain, And then there's "whoso - ev - er," and that means me!

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No. 11.

A Clean Heart.

WALTER C. SMITH. FRED H. BYSHE.

Andante con espressione.

1. One thing I of the Lord de - sire, For all my path hath mir - y been,
2. If clear-er vi - sion Thou im - part, Grate-ful and glad my soul shall be;
3. Yea, on - ly as this heart is clean May larg-er vi - sion yet be mine,
4. I watch to shun the mir - y way, And staunch the springs of guilt - y thought,

Rit.

Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
But yet to have a pur - er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
For mirrored in its depths are seen The things di - vine, The things di - vine.
But, watch and strug - gle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

Rit.

REFRAIN.

So wash me, Thou, with-out, with - in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
Wash me, Thou, with - out, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,

Rit.

No mat - ter how, if on - ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.
An-y-how, if only sin Die out in me, Die out, die out in me.

Copyright, MCMI, by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D. Used by per. Die in me,

No. 12.

I Never Can Forget.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is One who loved me tru-ly, and so well, That he came from heav'n for me,
2. There is One who bore my bur-den, O so great! Bore the shame of sin for me,
3. There is One who bought my pardon, full and free, Paid the price of sin for me,
4. There is One I love more dear-ly than all else, For he gave his life for me,

Died for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
All for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
E'en for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
Yes, for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.

CHORUS.

O I nev-er can for-get! O I
O I nev-er, no, I nev-er, O I nev-er can for-get! O I
O I nev-er can for-get! O I

nev-er can for-get! How he died on Cal-va-ry,
nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get, can for-get!
nev-er can for-get!

How he died to set me free, O I nev-er can for-get!
O I nev-er, no I nev-er can for-get!
O I nev-er can for-get!

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No. 13.

When the Fire Came Down.

A. W. S. ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

May be used as a Solo.

1. On the mount stood E - li - jah, the brave man of God, And his faith rose high as
2. On the mount knelt E - li - jah, the proph - et of God, And he cried, "O great Je-
3. In the upper room assembled, Knelt the little Church of God, They were praying, "Blessed
4. We are waiting, blessed Master, For an - other Pen - tecost, And we've waited till our

heaven in that hour; Tho' the priests cried, "Hear, O Baal!" Still their pray'rs did not avail,
hovah, hear my pray'r!" And his cry was heard in heaven, For the answer soon was given,
Master, send the pow'r;" Then the flame swept down from glory, And the world has heard the story,
hearts have weary grown; Let the wind blow fresh from heaven, Let the promis'd pow'r be given,

CHORUS.

For no fire came down. But no fire came down, But no fire came down; Then they
And the fire came down. How the fire came down, How the fire came down; And it
How the pow'r came down. Then the fire came down, Then the fire came down; And the
Let the fire come down! Let the fire come down, Let the fire come down; Send the

1. but no fire came down, but no fire came down;

cried, "O hear us, Baal!" Still their pray'rs did not a - vail, For no fire came down.
lapped up the water, And the stones of the altar, When the fire came down.
Church received her power, It be- gan that ver - y hour, When the fire came down.
pow'r, O Ho - ly Spirit, Fall on us this ver - y minute, Let the fire come down!

for no fire came down.

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No. 14.

His Love is an Ocean.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. His love is an *o - cean* so boundless and deep, It reach - es from glo - ry to me; I'm borne on its cur - rent from sin and from self,
2. His love is a *mountain* as high as his throne And cov - ered with ver- dure so fair; With wings as an ea - gle his children may rise
3. His love is a *sunbeam,* dif - fus - ing its light Wher - ev - er a sad heart is found; How quick - ly life's shadows de - part, and we seem

Chorus.

For - ev - er with Je - sus to be.
Its beau - ty and bless - ings to share.
To walk on de - lec - ta - ble ground.
} His won - der - ful love, his mar- vel - ous love, Its heights and its depths are un - known; I'm sure it has reached to the depth of my sin, And up to the height of his throne.

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No. 15. I Will Shout His Praise In Glory.

P. H. Dingman. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. You ask what makes me hap - py, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Je - sus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev - 'ry sin - ner be- fore his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Je - sus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall

Sav - iour in mer - cy heard my pray'r; He bro't me out of dark- ness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so pre - cious spoke
wel- come, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rap - ture that
call me to realms of end - less day; As one by one we gath - er, re-

now the light I see; O bless - ed, lov - ing Saviour! To him the praise shall be.
par- don to my soul; O bliss - ful, bliss- ful moment! 'Twas joy beyond control.
in his love I see, They'd come and shout sal-va- tion, and sing his praise with me.
joic- ing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glo - ry, and sing for ev - ermore.

Chorus.

I will shout his praise in glo - ry,..... And we'll
So will I, so will I,

all sing hal - le - lu- jah in heaven by and by; I will :|| in heaven by and by.

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No. 16.

Ship Ahoy!

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.

1. We're sail - ing, sailing o - ver life's great sea, And oth- er ships are passing by;
2. Lift up the beacon that shall guide the lost Un- to the ha - ven bright and fair;
3. We're sail - ing, sailing o - ver life's great sea, And not a- lone our way we take;

The mighty Saviour shall our Captain be, His star is shining in the sky.
O help the wand'ring and the tempest-tossed, That peace and shelter they may share.
For oth - ers, sailing, look to you and me! O help them for the Master's sake!

But while in safety we may glide a - long, Led by the Light that nev - er fails,
O bring the shipwrecked to the Life- boat true, Our Refuge in the wild - est storm;
The po - lar star of mer - cy shines a - bove, Our anchor holds for - ev - er more;

O hear the cry that ris - es full and strong From those who struggle with the gales.
Sing out with gladness and with hope a - new, Our Captain will his word per - form.
And dear ones wait, with joyful songs of love, To greet us on the gold - en shore.

Chorus.

Ship a - hoy! Hear the cry! "God save them," we fervently pray!
Ship ahoy! Hear the cry! Hear the cry!

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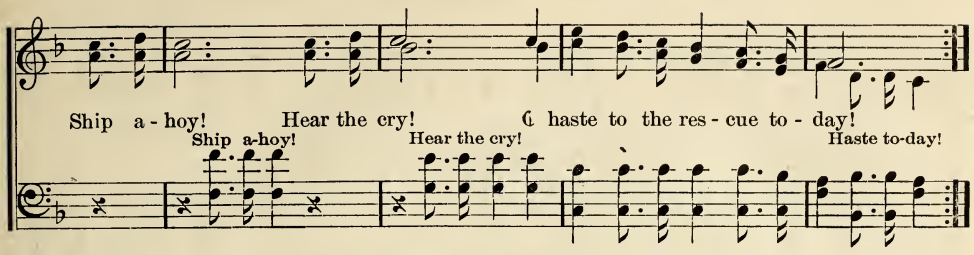
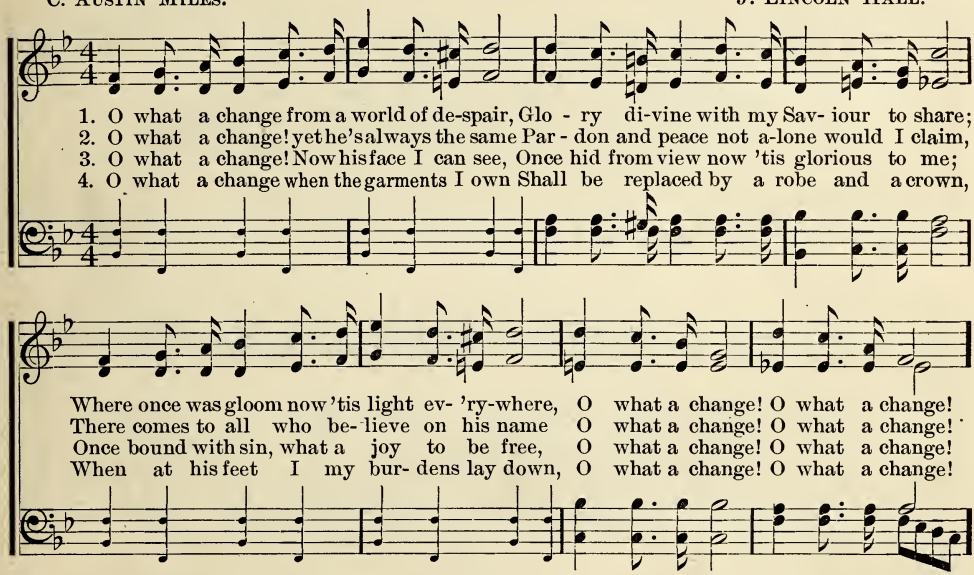
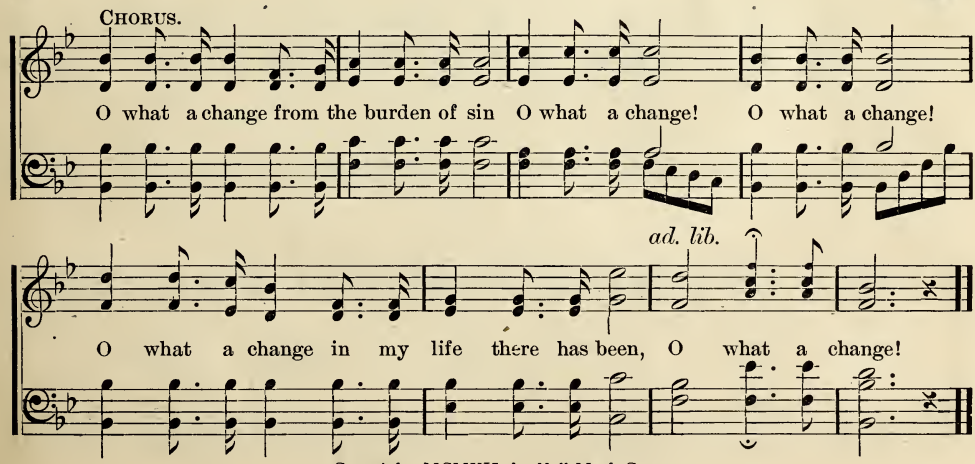
Ship Ahoy!—Concluded.



No. 17. O What A Change.

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.





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No. 18.

He Knoweth the Way I Take.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. The clouds may hov - er o'er me, The storms a - bout me break,
2. Tis' heav - en all a - round me; And if I sleep or wake
3. There may be heav - y sor - rows A - long my earth - ly way,
4. So if the day be drear - y, And if the nights be long,

My Sav - iour's passed be - fore me And knows the way I take.
My Sav - iour's love surrounds me, He knows the way I take.
There is no dread, "To - mor - row" But ev - er bright to - day.
And if my soul grows wea - ry I'll sing this joy - ous song.

Chorus.

He know-eth the way I take,..... He knoweth the way I take,.....
I take, I take,

What-e'er be - tide he's at my side And nev - er will he for - sake,

He know- eth the way I take,..... He knoweth the way I take,.....
I take, I take,

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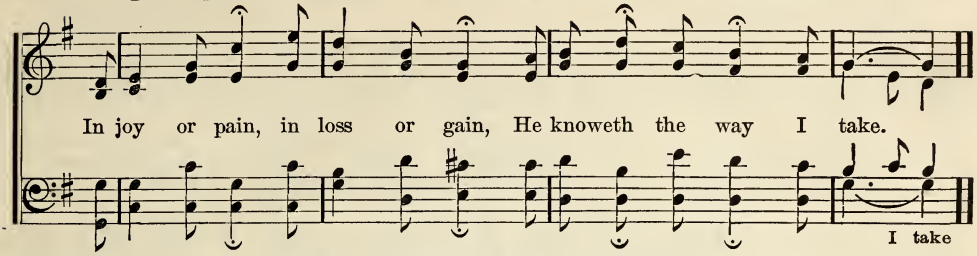
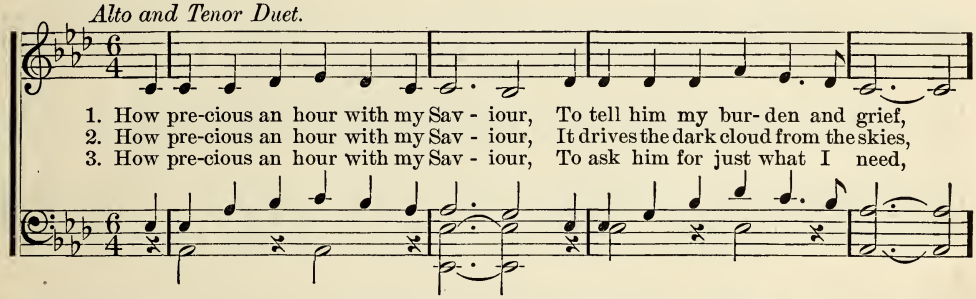
He Knoweth the Way I Take—Concluded.

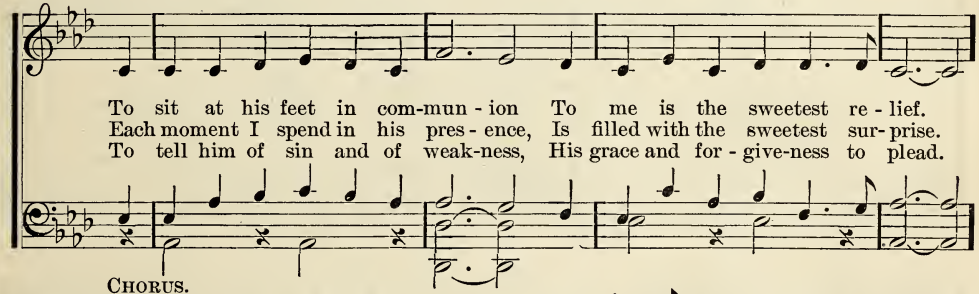


No. 19. An Hour With Jesus.

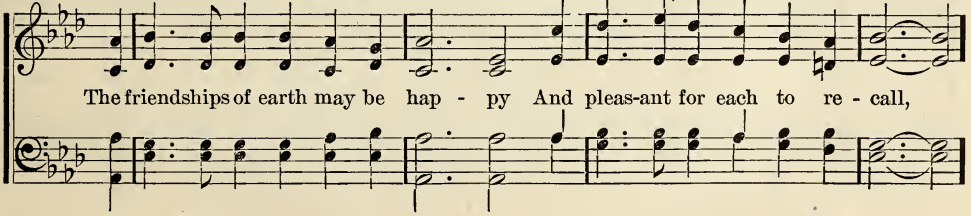
Mrs. E. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

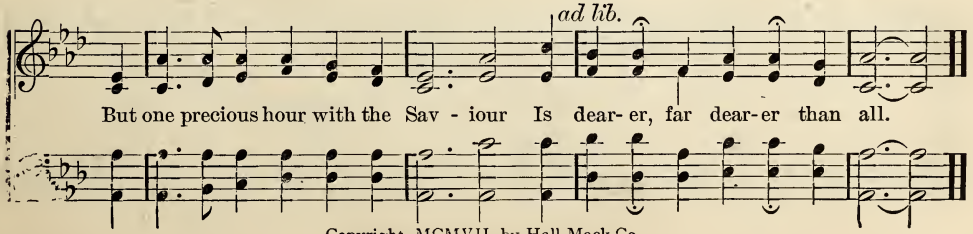
Alto and Tenor Duet.





Chorus.





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No. 20.

O What Glory!

CIVILLA D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. O what glo - ry when He saved me by His grace, When I saw the welcome
2. O what glo - ry as I triumph o - ver sin, As the precious blood of
3. O what glo - ry when the crowning days shall come, When the saved of earth shall

smile up - on his face; Since he took my feet from out the mir - y clay,
Je - sus makes me clean; As he comes to walk be - side me in the way,
all be gathered home; O what glo - ry when all tears are wiped a - way,

CHORUS.

O what glo - ry I am find - ing ev - 'ry day!
O what glo - ry I am find - ing ev - 'ry day!
O what glo - ry shall be mine on that great day!
O what glo - ry

when our Lord shall come! Glo - ry in his kingdom, safe at home;

O what glo - ry, glo - ry all the way! I am finding glo - ry ev - 'ry day!

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No. 21.

He's Enough for Me.

BIRDIE BELL. MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. In E-gypt long I lingered, Thro' ma-ny wea-ry years, My soul oppressed with
2. The God who sav'd from Egypt Led me from day to day, Thro' wil-derness so
3. I trav-el on in safe-ty, Still guid-ed by his hand, Where peace abides for-

bondage, My spir-it crush'd with fears; But God was then my Sav-iour, From
drear-y He was my guide and stay; Till from the wind-ing path-way Fair
ev-er, In Canaan's bor-der-land; In God I find my por-tion, Tho'

sin he set me free, I'll praise his name for-ev-er, For he's e-nough for me.
Ca-naan I could see, He brought me safe-ly o-ver, And he's e-nough for me.
earth-ly joys may flee, I need no oth-er treas-ure, For he's e-nough for me.

CHORUS.

Yes, he's e-nough for me, My Sav-iour dear is he,
for me,

My keep-er and my por-tion, And he's e-nough for me.
for me.

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No. 22. I am On My Way to Heaven.

H. J. L. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I am on my way to heav - en where the saints are robed in white, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To that bless - ed land im-mor- tal where can nev- er come the night, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
2. I am on my way to heav - en where the streets are pav'd with gold, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To the place of ma - ny mansions and of glo - ries yet un- told, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
3. I am on my way to heav - en, bless - ed land of pure de- light, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! Where the bless'd of ev - 'ry na - tion and for - ev- er cloth'd in white, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
4. I am on my way to heav - en where I'll see my Saviour's face, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! There I'll sing redemption's sto - ry, bless-ed song of sav- ing grace, Shouting glo-ry all the way!

Hal - le- lu - jah! Hal - le- lu - jah!

CHORUS.

O glo - ry hal - le- lu-jah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! O glo-ry hal-le-lujah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo-ry all the way!

Hal- le-lujah! all the way! Hal- le-lujah! Hal- le-lujah! Hal - le-lujah! all the way!

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No. 23.

Lifetime is Working Time.

Mrs. Carrie E. Breck. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Life-time is work-ing time. Spend no i-dle days; Je-sus is call-ing thee
2. Life-time is work-ing time. Learn where du-ty lies; Grasp ev-'ry pass-ing day
3. Life-time is work-ing time. Do thy hon-est part; Tho' in dis-cour-age-ments

On the har-vest ways. Work-ing with a will-ing hand, Sing a song of praise;
As a pre-cious prize, Glad to help the sor-row-ing, Glad to sym-pa-thize;
Bear a cheer-ful heart. Trust-ing Je-sus as thy Friend, Ne'er from him de-part,

Chorus.

Work, ev-er work for Je-sus! Swift-ly the hours of
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!

la-bor fly, Freight-ed with love let each pass by! There is joy in
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!

la-bor for the strug-gling neigh-bor, Work, ev-er work for Je-sus!

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No. 24.

There's Grace and Glory Too.

T. M. Eastwood. Mary Hubbert Munford.

1. O the grace of God is bound - less, It is like a migh - ty sea,
2. There is grace for each temp - ta - tion, There is strength for ev - 'ry day,
3. For the grace that God has giv - en I will praise him in my song,

And it rolls on thro' the a - ges, Bear - ing love to you and me;
There's a lift for ev - 'ry bur - den That we car - ry on the way;
I will love him and will serve him, While my days of life pro - long;

But the Lord's so great in good - ness, That he o - pens heav'n to view,
There's a ref - uge from the tem - pest, There is help for all we do,
And when I shall get to heav - en, And my jour - ney I re . view,

And not on - ly gives us mer - cy, But he gives us glo - ry too.
And when we shall end the jour - ney, We will find there's glo - ry too.
Then I'll bless his name for ev - er, That there's grace and glo - ry too.

Chorus.

There's grace..... and glo - ry too, There's grace..... and glo - ry
There's grace and glo - ry too, There's grace

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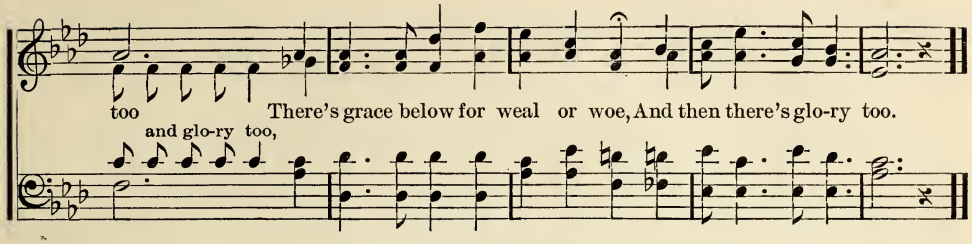
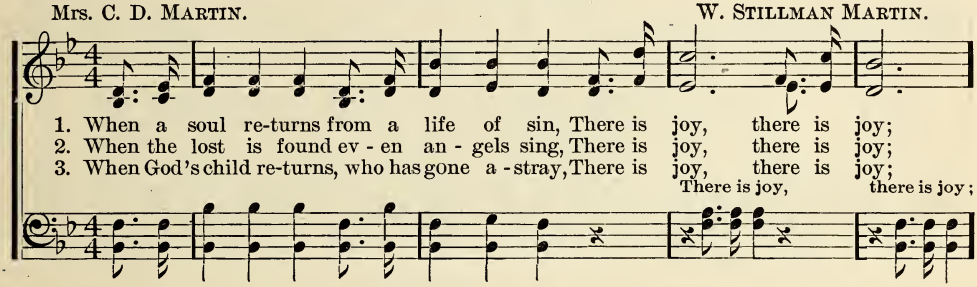
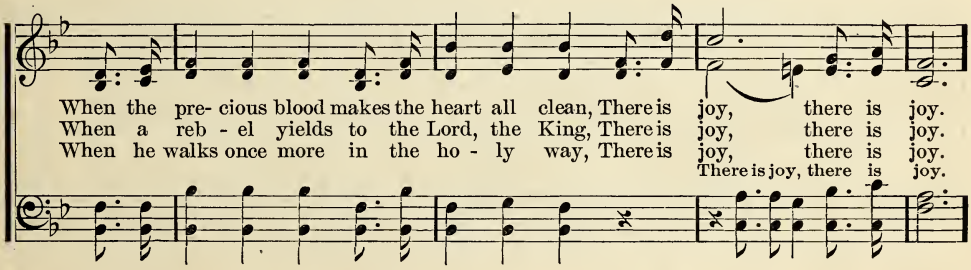
There's Grace and Glory Too.—Concluded.

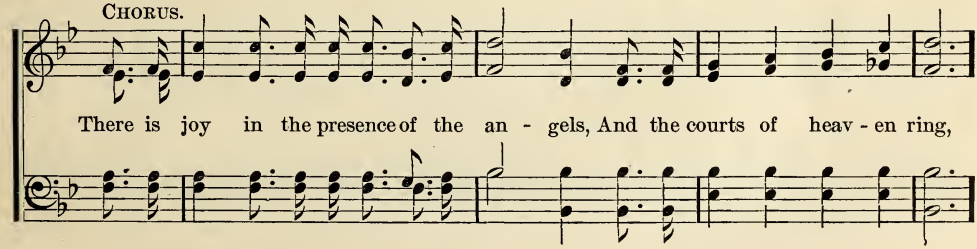


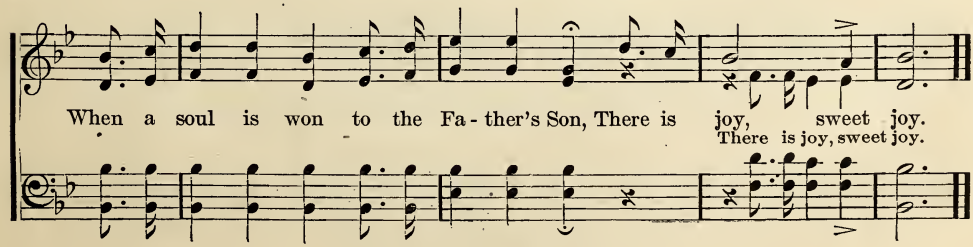
No. 25. There Is Joy.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.









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No. 26.

Jesus Saves.

J. L. H. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. There's a mes-sage sweet and clear, Je- sus saves! Sweet-est words that man can hear, Je - sus
2. Tell that sin-ful men may know Je- sus saves! That a bless-ing he'll be-stow, Je - sus
3. Have you heard the joy-ful sound Je- sus saves! Does his grace in you abound? Je - sus

Je-sus saves

saves! Tell the mes- sage far and wide, Let it ring o'er wave and tide, That for
saves! Let the joy - ful tid - ings ring Of the ris - en Lord and King And re -
saves! O the joy of sins forgiv'n, When the world from you is riv'n How it

Je-sus saves!

Chorus.

all the world he died, Je - sus saves!
demption's sto-ry sing, Je - sus saves!
makes of earth a heav'n Je - sus saves!

Je - sus saves, Je-sus saves!

Je-sus saves! Je - sus saves, Je-sus saves!

Hal - le- lu - jah to his name, Je - sus saves! Praise the Lord, it reach-es me

Je-sus saves!

This sal - va- tion full and free, And the cleansing stream I see, Je - sus saves!

Je -.sus saves!

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No. 27.

Fix Your Eyes Upon the Cross.

A. W. S. — Arthur W. Spooner, D. D.

1. When up - on life's jour - ney you may think there's none to care, When your heart seems
2. When your sky is dark - ened with a heav - y cloud of sin, When your soul is
3. When the temp - ter whis - pers that the crown is not for you, Tell him you have

break-ing with its sor - row and de - spair; Je - sus stands be - side you, all your
troub- led, and you have no peace with - in; Lift your eyes to heav - en, light and
found the prom- is - es of God are true; Put your trust in Je - sus he will

Chorus.

bur- dens glad to share, Fix your eyes up - on the cross.
joy will then be - gin, Fix your eyes up - on the cross.
sure - ly help you thro', Fix your eyes up - on the cross.

Je - sus is near you he comes to be your Guide,
See the bless - ed Je - sus, stand - ing at your side, Wait - ing now to help you,

He'll bear your ev - 'ry loss, Fix your eyes up - on the cross.
He will give you com - fort, bear your loss,

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No. 28.

Follow Me.

Rev. W. H. Vanderherchen. C. Austin Miles.

1. I will fol - low Je - sus in the nar - row way, By his grace will
2. Je - sus left the glo - ry of the up - per world, Self - de - ni - al's
3. I will fol - low Je - sus, I will seek the lost, Speak-ing words of
3. By his grace I'll fol - low him who did no sin, By his blood and

faith - ful be and will not stray; I will leave this world of sin, with
ban - ner he, him - self, un - furled; Hon - ors, treas - ures, pleas-ures there he
com - fort to the tem - pest - tossed; I will seek to glad- den ev - 'ry
Spir - it will be pure with - in; I will suf - fer with him and will

all vain show, Walk - ing in his foot-prints, I will for - ward go.
did fore - go, For re-proach and dy - ing in this world be - low.
heart I meet; O this bless - ed fel - low-ship! It is so sweet.
faith - ful be, Work - ing, wait - ing, watch-ing till he comes for me.

Chorus.

Fol - low me, fol - low me, Who will fol - low me?
Fol - low, fol - low me, fol - low, fol - low me, who will fol- low me?

De - ny thy - self, take up thy cross, And fol - low, fol - low me. (follow me.)

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No. 29.

Heaven for Me.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. When days of toil have all gone by, And I my dear Lord shall see,
2. The Fa - ther's house, the man - sions fair, My home shall for - ev - er be,
3. He saved me from my lost es - tate, From sin he has set me free,

A word of welcome when we shall meet I know will make heav'n for me.
But one sweet word from the Lord I love I know will make heav'n for me.
And just to see him when he shall come I know will be heav'n for me.

Chorus.

Heav - en for me,..... O..... it will be!..... When Je - sus
Heaven for me, O it will be! Heaven for me, O it will be! When Je - sus gives a

whis - pers a wel - come to me..... Heav - en for me,.....
welcome to me, a smile and a welcome to me, to me. Heaven for me, O it will be!

O..... it will be!..... When Je - sus whis - pers a wel - come to me.
Heaven for me, O it will be! When Jesus gives a welcome to me, a smile and a welcome to me.

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No. 30.

Only Jesus.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There's a Shepherd who goes o'er the mount - ains steep To
2. There's a light that is shin - ing o'er life's dark sea, Be-
3. There is Wa - ter of Life that is free to all, Though
4. There is Life - giv - ing Bread for the heart's great need, Where-

bring home the lost and the wand'ring sheep; O love and com - pas - sion so
fore whose bright beaming the shadows flee— A God - giv - en bea - con to
sin-stained and wounded by ma- ny-a fall; "O come, ye that thirst," heed the
on all the hun - gry may come and feed; O dear starving soul, here is

strong and deep! For the Shepherd who seeks is Je - sus.
you and me For the Light of the World is Je - sus.
wel- come call, For the Wa - ter of Life is Je - sus.
food in - deed! For the Bread of the World is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Come ye from sin's dark mount - ain, Come where the sweet flow'rs grow; O

come ye to Calv'ry's fount - ain, Come where the liv - ing wa- ters flow.

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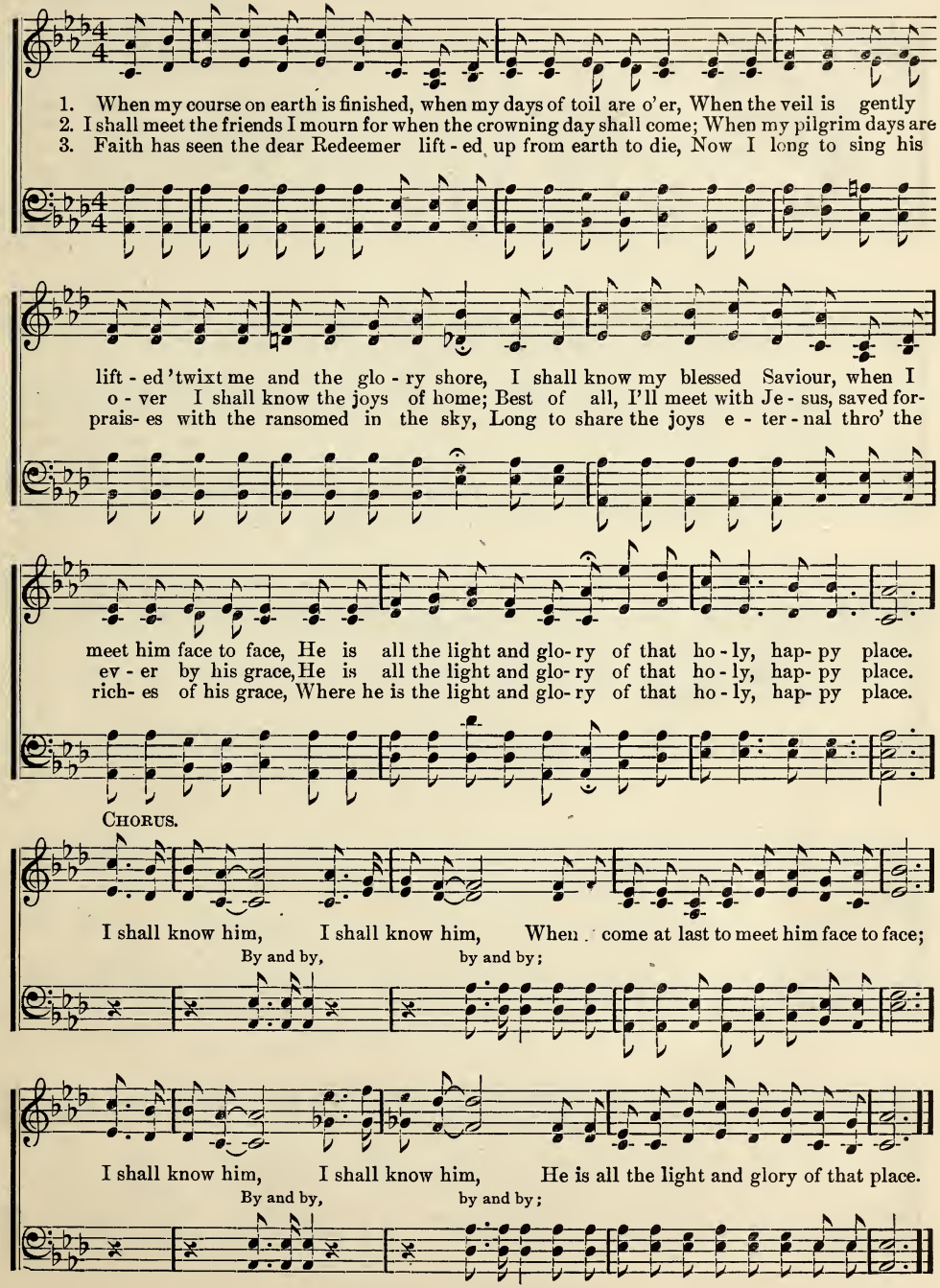
No. 31.

He's the Glory of that Place.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



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No. 32.

I'm Trav'ling Another Way.

"When they had seen Jesus * * * they traveled another way."

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. The wise men sought him and worshiped at his feet, Their treasures be-
2. In sin I wandered and found the way so dark, But long-ing and
3. No more I'm walk-ing a-long the road of sin, My pathway is

fore him to lay, And then, re-joic-ing, they sought their homes a-gain,
watching for day; My Sav-iour found me, and, since I heard his voice,
bright-er than day; For I've found Je-sus, and heard his pard'ning voice,

Chorus.

But they traveled an-oth-er way.
I am trav'ling an-oth-er way.
And I'm trav'ling an-oth-er way.
} Since I found the Sav-iour, and

laid my burdens down, It's bet-ter ev-'ry day; Since I have seen

Je-sus, and heard his pard'ning voice, I am trav'ling an-oth-er way.

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No. 33.

Hallelujah! I'm Happy.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. I am wondrous - ly saved, hal - le lu - jah to God! I am wondrous - ly
2. I am constant - ly filled with a won - der - ful peace, And I dai - ly am
3. I am wondrous - ly helped ev - 'ry drear - i - some hour, And my Mas - ter him-

cleansed in the dear Saviour's blood; I am wondrous- ly kept by the pow'r of my Lord,
fed at the ta - ble of grace; I am dwelling each hour in the light of his face,
self is the source of all pow'r; And I joy - ful - ly sing, tho' the stormclouds may low'r,

Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm hap - py to - day. Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm hap- py to-

day, All my bur - den is tak - en a - way; In my Sav - iour I

trust, And I sing, for I must, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm hap - py to - day.

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No. 34.

On the Hallelujah Line.

Rev. J. M. Hobbs. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah Has been ring - ing thro' my soul, Ev - er
2. O the hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus Is a glori - ous one to sing, But the
3. I'm a hal - le - lu - jah pil - grim And I'll nev - er hold my peace, Till my
4. Then be read - y, faith - ful pil - grims To go for - ward in the fight, Take the

since I came to Je - sus, And his Spir - it made me whole; All my spir - it, soul and
soul's true hal - le - lu - jah Is a- wakened by our King; For the joy of his sal-
bless - ed Sav - iour tells me, Then, then on - ly will I cease To in - vite poor, hun - gry
Spir - it's blade of vic- t'ry, Wielding it with all your might; For with faith in God we

bod - y Now are un - der his control, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.
va - tion Makes the heart with mu - sic ring, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.
sin - ners, Come and share the gos - pel feast, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.
con - quer, And we'll praise him with de-light, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.

Chorus.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, O yes, 'tis glo - ry in my soul, Ev - er

Hal- le- lu- jah!

since I came to Je- sus, And his Spir-it made me whole, I've been on the hal - le- lu- jah line.

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No. 35.

Jesus Calls You Home.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. O ye who walk..... the paths of sin, Je - sus calls you home!..... The door swings wide! haste en - ter in, Je- sus calls you home!
2. The storms are wild..... To re - fuge fly! Je - sus calls you home!..... O come a - way! why will ye die; Je- sus calls you home!
3. No long- er wait,..... but trust his pow'r, Je - sus calls you home!..... His par- don you may know this hour! Je- sus calls you home!

O ye who walk the paths of sin, Je- sus calls you home, he calls you home! The door swings wide! Haste en- ter in, Je-sus calls you home, he calls you home!

CHORUS.

p

Je-sus calls, soft-ly calls, Haste, no long- er roam! The door swings wide!..... O en-ter in! Je - sus calls you home!.....

soft- ly calls, no long- er roam! The door swings wide! O en - ter in! Je - sus calls you home, he calls you home!

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No. 36.

I Know I Love Him Better.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. I have found the Saviour precious, he is all in all to me, From all
2. Earthly friends may soon for - get me, earthly treasures will grow dim, But the
3. Earth re- cedes and heav'n draws near- er; deep - er, rich- er seems his grace, As he

i - dols he has won my heart a - way; I'm re - joicing in the pow - er that from
friendship of my Saviour is for aye; Ev - 'ry need for ev - 'ry moment I am
dai - ly walks be- side me in the way; Tho' a vail may hide the glo - ry of my

:S: *Fine.*

sin has made me free, And I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day.
sure to find in him And I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day.
Saviour's bless - ed face Still I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day.

D. S.—sin has made me free, And I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day.

Chorus.

I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day, I know I love him

ev'ry day,

D.S.

bet - ter ev - 'ry day; I'm re - joic - ing in the pow - er that from

ev'ry day;

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No. 37.

In the Good Way.

Rev. W. H. Vanderherchen. C. Austin Miles.

1. I once was a wand'rer and far from my God, The broad road to ru - in I
2. All glo - ry to Je - sus! I'm in the good way, My pathway grows brighter un-
3. And when in the val - ley I come to pass thro', He then will be with me and
4. And then with the ransomed to Zi - on we'll come, With joy ev - er - last- ing we'll

con - stant - ly trod; I sought the dear Sav- iour, who set me a - right, And
to per - fect day; It is so de - light-ful to walk in the light And
com - fort me, too; I then shall be hap - py as mor - tal can be, From
sing 'round his throne, The King in his beau- ty for - ev - er shall reign, We'll

Chorus.

now I am hap - py by day and by night.
know his blood cleans - eth by day and by night.
sin, pain and sor - row for - ev - er be free.
shout Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men and a - men.
} Glo - ry to God, I'm

in the good way, I'm in the good way, I'm in the good way;

Glo - ry to God, I'm in the good way, And hap - py by night and day.

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No. 38. The Old Account was Settled.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

Effective as a Solo, ad lib., and Chorus.

1. O how dark the way be-fore me, And how heav-y was my load, How I
2. Long my wea-ry heart was try-ing To make peace with God in heav'n, Knowing
3. I'm re-joic-ing in sal-va-tion, Je-sus' blood my on-ly plea, All the

dread-ed coming judgment, How I feared the wrath of God; Since I heard the old, old
not that peace and pardon Would to me be free-ly giv'n; Then I heard how Je-sus
past has been for-giv-en, From all sin, praise God, I'm free! This sweet sto-ry of re-

sto-ry, I am hap-py, for I know That the old account was settled long a-go.
suffered, How his blood could make like snow, How the old account was settled long a-go.
demption I would tell to all be-low, How the old account was settled long a-go.

Chorus.

mp

O the old ac-count was set-tled long a-go, When he

long a-go,

p

died, when he died; And the blood that brought re-

When the Sav-iour died, When the Sav-iour died;

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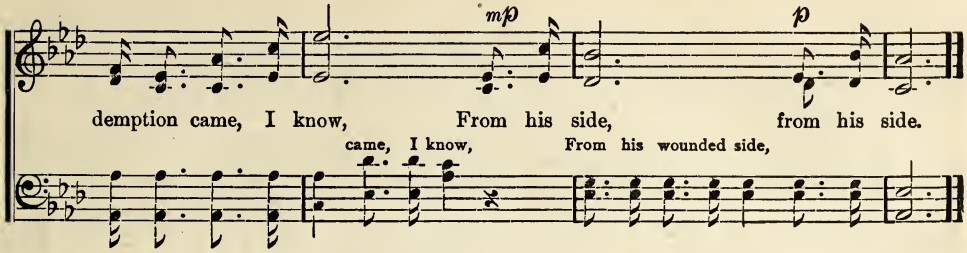
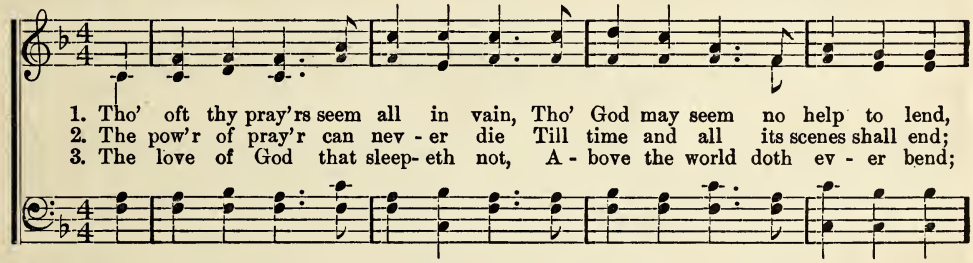
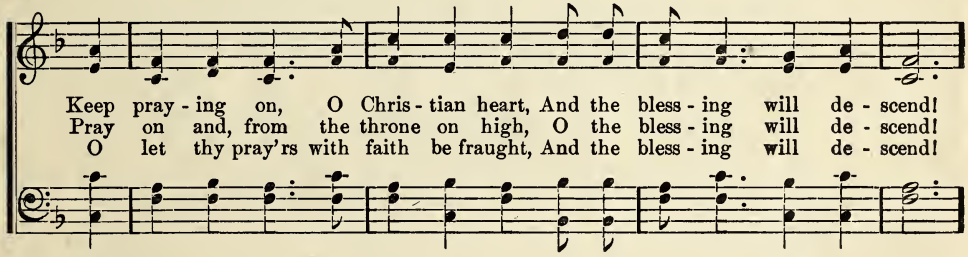


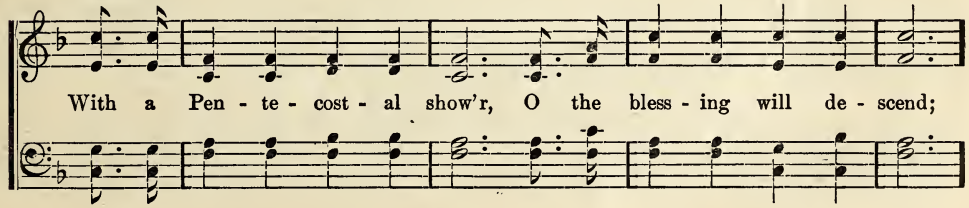
No. 39. The Blessing Will Descend.

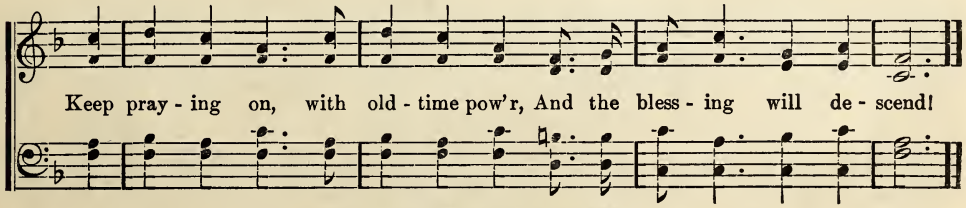
ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. C. AUSTIN MILES.





CHORUS.





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No. 40.

When the Roll is Called.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.

1. When the trum- pet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter, from the dawn till set - ting sun; Let us

morning breaks e - ter- nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather o - ver
glo - ry of his res - ur- rec- tion share; When his chos - en ones shall gather to their
talk of all his wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is o - ver and our

on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
home be- yond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there.

Chorus.

When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is

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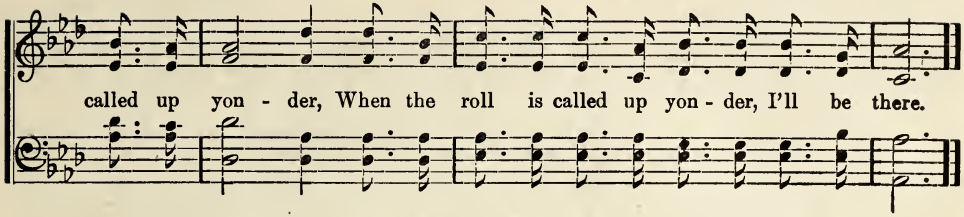
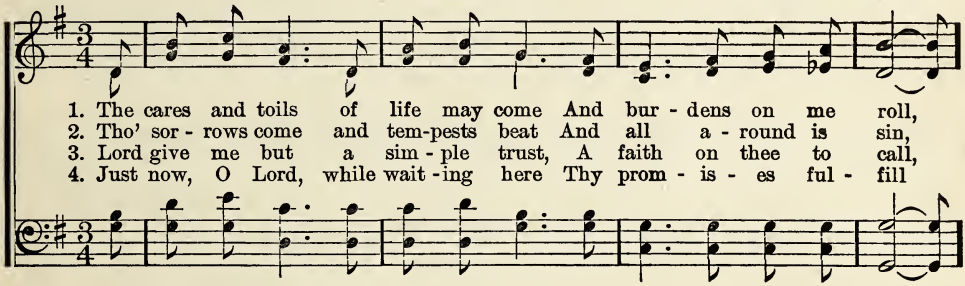
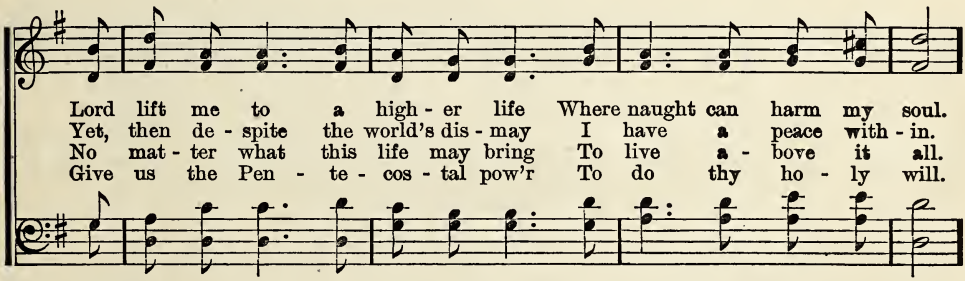
When the Roll is Called.—Concluded.



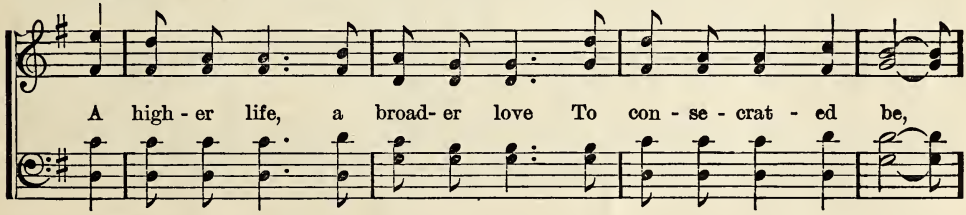
No. 41. A Higher Life.

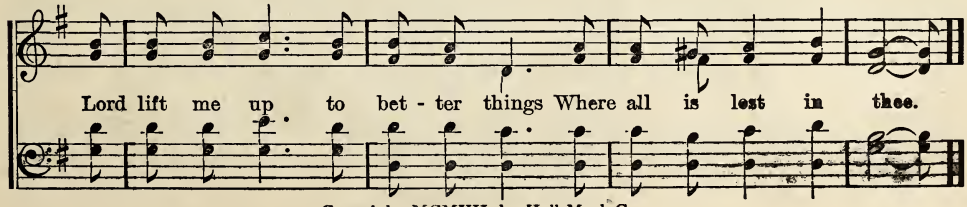
J. L. H. (CONSECRATION.) J. LINCOLN HALL.





CHORUS.





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No. 42.

Never Known to Fail.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O the prom- is - es of God Long have Satan's might withstood, And no pow'r of darkness
2. O the mighty hand of time Fashions many-a work sublime, Yet the tide of years their
3. Trust those holy words to - day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their refuge in temp-

o'er them shall prevail; They are builded sure and strong For the conflict with the wrong, And those
splendor shall assail; But the Word of God, this hour, Thrills with all the old-time pow'r, For those
tation's roughest gale; Strength and courage they shall lend, Pow'r from heaven shall descend, For those

CHORUS.

prom- is - es were never known to fail! God's promises were never known to fail!
were never known to fail!

No pow'r of darkness o'er them shall pre - vail! They are builded sure and strong
shall prevail!

For the con- flict with the wrong, God's prom- is - es were nev - er known to fail!

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No. 43.

I'm a Pilgrim.

MARY S. B. DANA. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can
2. Of that cit-y, to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er, my Re-
3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing, O my long-ing heart, my

tar-ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing
deem-er, is the light; There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing,
long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear-y,

CHORUS.

I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a

To where the fountains are ev-er flow-ing;
Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing.
I long have wander'd for-lorn and wea-ry:

I'm a pil-grim, I'm a pil-grim, and a

stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night; I'm a

stranger, and a stranger; tar-ry, tar-ry, tar-ry but a night;

pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night!

pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger, and a stranger, tar-ry. tar-ry, tarry but a night.

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No. 44. He Threw Out the Life-Line to Me

J. E. F. J. E. French.

1. I was wrecked on a rock - y and des - o - late shore, Sink-ing
2. The bil - lows were dash - ing, the waves roll - ing high, No
3. When all was con - fus - ion midst dark bil - lows' roll, No
4. And now as I wan - der I sing as I go, His
5. Your sins like the bil - lows a - round you may rise, And

slow - ly be - neath the wild sea; When all of my struggles and
help from the land could I see, When hope had all van-ished and
light thro' the gloom could I see, By trust - ing him ful - ly he
mer - cy is bound - less and free, And tell the glad sto - ry, that
dang - ers your frail bark pur - sue, There's one who will heed you and

Chorus.

ef - forts were o'er, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
dan- ger was nigh, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
res- cued my soul, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
oth - ers may know, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
hear your faint cries, He'll throw out the life-line to you.

He threw out the life-

line to me, He threw out the life - line to me, From
to me, to me,

Cal - va- ry's tree, Far o - ver the sea, Christ threw out the life-line to me.

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No. 45.

Some One Who Knows.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When my heart with its trou - bles is bur - dened, With the strug- gles that
2. When my heart in deep an - guish is bleed - ing With the sor - rows that
3. When my heart is all brok - en and wound - ed, And I've failed in the
4. When my heart for the dear ones is pin - ing, And life's jour- ney seems

no one can share; I bring it, so wea - ry, to Je - sus, And he
nev - er will cease; I bring it for com - fort to Je - sus, And he
cease - less af - fray; I bring it for heal- ing to Je - sus, And he
long till its end; I bring it so lone- ly to Je - sus, And in

CHORUS.

lifts all the bur - den and care....
gives me his bless - ing of peace.
takes all the sin- stains a - way....
him I find more than a friend.
} There is some- one who knows All my

strug-gles and woes; There is some - one my bur-dens to bear;..... 'Tis
my bur-dens to bear;

Je-sus my Friend, Who loves to the end, And he shares all my sor-rows and care.
and care.

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No. 46.

Love Keeps Me Singing.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Love keeps me *sing - ing,* a - long the rough road, Prais - es to Je - sus, my
2. Love keeps me *hap - py* from morn - ing till night, Love changes darkness to
3. Love keeps me *work - ing* all through the long day, Hardship is pleasure when

Saviour and Lord; My heart is as free as a bird on the wing, How
glo - ri - ous light; The love of my Sav- iour re - moves all my fear; When
love fills the way; The toil that he gives me how glad - ly I do, His

Chorus.

can I help sing- ing the praise of my King?
hard - est my tri - als, his love brings me cheer.
love is the pow - er my strength to re - new.
} Love keeps me singing, the

love of my Lord; Love makes me happy, O glo - ry to God! My heart is as

free as a bird on the wing, For love keeps me singing the praise of my King.

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No. 47.

I Know He's Mine.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. B. Frank Butts.

1. There's One a - bove all earth - ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love trans-cends,
2. He's mine be - cause he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
3. He's mine be - cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,

It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord, be - cause I know he's mine.
With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
Then, while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

Chorus.

I know he's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with
I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

me,..... he's ev - er near;..... Ten thousand charms.....
He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms

a - round him shine,..... And, best of all, I know he's mine.
a - round him shine,

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No. 48.

Waving Palms of Victory.

W. W. V. W. W. Vansant.

1. When my tri - als here are o - ver and I lay my bur - den down, And em -
2. I shall join the host un-numbered, who a - round the throne of God Sing his
3. Now by faith I see my loved ones who have passed the swell- ing tide, And are
4. O the glo - ry of that meet-ing, when the hands shall clasp a - gain, And from

bark up - on the wa - ters of death's sea; I shall see be- yond its bil - lows souls of
prais- es thro' a glad e - ter - ni - ty; I shall wear a robe of glo - ry and shall
prais-ing him, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry; They are hap - py in his pres- ence, and are
earth and all its sor- rows we are free! We shall dwell with Christ forev - er in that

Chorus.

ransomed saints on high, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.
sing a song of praise, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.
looking, now, for me, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.
hap- py, gold-en land, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.

Waving palms..... of vic - to-
Waving palms

ry, Singing songs..... of ju - bi - lee; What a
of vic - to - ry, Sing - ing songs of ju - bi - lee;

meet-ing and a greeting, When my lov'd ones I shall see, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.

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No. 49.

Now to Thee I All Surrender.

(CONSECRATION.)

M. H. M.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, Grant thy cleansing to my soul;
2. Now to thee I all sur - ren - der All my tal-ent, time, and pow'r;
3. Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, Liv - ing, dy-ing, thine to be;
4. Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, I no more, but Christ in me;
5. Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, Use me in thy work O Lord;
6. Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, Things of earth to me are dross;

While to thee my life I'm bring - ing Speak the words: "Thou art made whole."
Grant, O Lord, my heart's pe - ti - tion Purge from sin this ve - ry hour.
Let me feel O Ho - ly Spir - it Man - i - fest thy pow'r in me.
En - ter Lord take full pos - ses - sion Thine for - ev - er would I be.
"Well done, good and faith - ful ser - vant" This a - lone be my re - ward.
Thou, O Christ shall be my por - tion Naught shall charm me but thy cross.

CHORUS.

Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, Thine for - ev - er would I be;

Now to thee I all sur - ren - der, Lord I give my- self to thee.

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No. 50.

I Know I'll Be Satisfied.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.

1. When I stand, with my Lord, In the land of the blest, Where no shad - ow his glo - ry can hide; When I see for myself What shall there be revealed, Then, I know I'll be sat - is - fied. Sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied, I know I'll be ful - ly sat - is - fied; When mine eyes shall be- hold All the won - ders un- told, I know I'll be sat - is - fied.

2. Oft I try to conceive What the glo - ry can be That a- waits me, far o - ver the tide; But I'll wait for the day He re- veals it to me, And I

3. When be - fore him at last, Pur - i - fied, I shall stand, Thro' the blood of the Lamb cru - ci - fied, And his own bless - ed voice Bids me en - ter his joy, O I

CHORUS.

sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied,

sat - is - fied;

sat - is - fied.

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No. 51. So Great Was His Love for Me.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. From glo - ry's height he came down to save, So great was his love for me;
2. In him is strength for my deep - est need, So great is his love for me;
3. In him is heal- ing for ev - 'ry ill, So great is his love for me;
4. He's now pre - par- ing for me a place, So great is his love for me;

Up - on the cross his dear life he gave, So great was his love for me.
Up - on him dai - ly my soul doth feed, So great is his love for me.
The joy he gives me no tongue can tell, So great is his love for me.
The mansion fair is the gift of grace, So great is his love for me.

Chorus.

My heart be - lieved, and my faith re - ceived, The gift of his

love so free; He bore the cross, its pain and loss, So

great was his love for me, So great was his love for me.

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No. 52. When I Knelt at Mother's Knee.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOLO. *With expression.*

1. There's a sweet and pre - cious sto - ry, That is all in all to me, 'Tis the
2. I can see her in the twi-light, In those days from care so free, As she
3. Long, long years have gone since moth-er With her hand up - on my head, Told me
4. "There's a Friend who loves you tru - ly, Who was once a lit - tle child, And he

sto - ry of the Saviour's love so true; For I heard it whispered oft- en As I
told the precious sto - ry o'er and o'er; And I long for such a moment, Just to
of this Friend unfailing, lov- ing, dear; But in all my life's long journey, By her
came from heav'n to earth long, long a- go; He was ten-der, patient, lov-ing; He was

rit.

knelt at mother's knee, And she said "this lov- ing Sav- iour died for you."
rest be - side her knee, Whe nmy heart with cares is bleeding, bruised and sore.
coun- sels safe - ly led, I have found this pre-cious Sav-iour ev - er near.
ho - ly, meek and mild, And I pray this Friend so faith-ful you may know."

rit.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

O that sto - ry ne'er grows old, Tho' to me 'twas oft - en told

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When I Knelt At Mother's Knee.—Concluded.

rit.

As I knelt close by my saint - ed moth - er's knee.

No. 53. The Blood On the Cross.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. The word of the Lord can nev - er fail, This won-der-ful truth I see,
2. When sin like a storm my path - way dims, A light thro' the clouds I see;
3. Tho' doubt may as - sail and faith grow dim And troubled my soul may be,
4. And when I am called to pass a - way, And fear-ful it seems to me,

The blood o'er the door saved Is - ra - el The blood on the cross saves me.
The blood on the cross for sin a - tones The blood on the cross saves me.
I'll lift up a pray'r and shout a - loud The blood on the cross saves me.
I'll shout as I pass the val - ley thro' The blood on the cross saves me.

CHORUS.

I'll sing it, yes, and I'll shout it! The blood,..... the blood,.....
pre-cious blood, the sav - ing blood,

There's nev - er a soul saved without it..... This blood of Cal - va - ry.....

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No. 54.

The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. As of old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil - der-
2. To and fro, as a ship with - out a sail, Not a com - pass to guide them
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed; To the land of the promise

ness to dwell, Trusting they in their God to lead the way To the light of perfect day.
thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
they were led; By the hand of the Lord, in guidance sure, They were bro't to Canaan's shore.

Chorus. Unison.

So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,

Hov'ring o'er, just be- fore, As they journey on their way,

Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil - der - ness be past,

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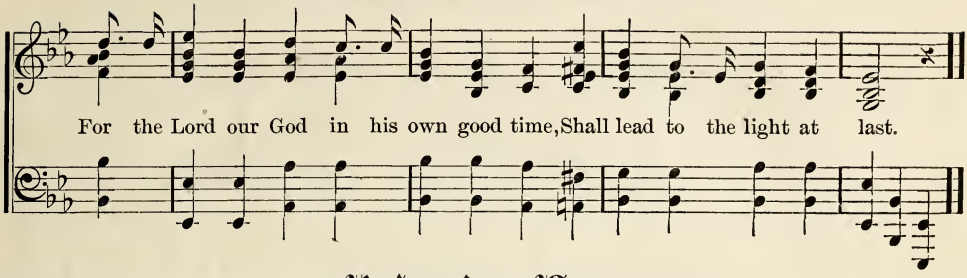
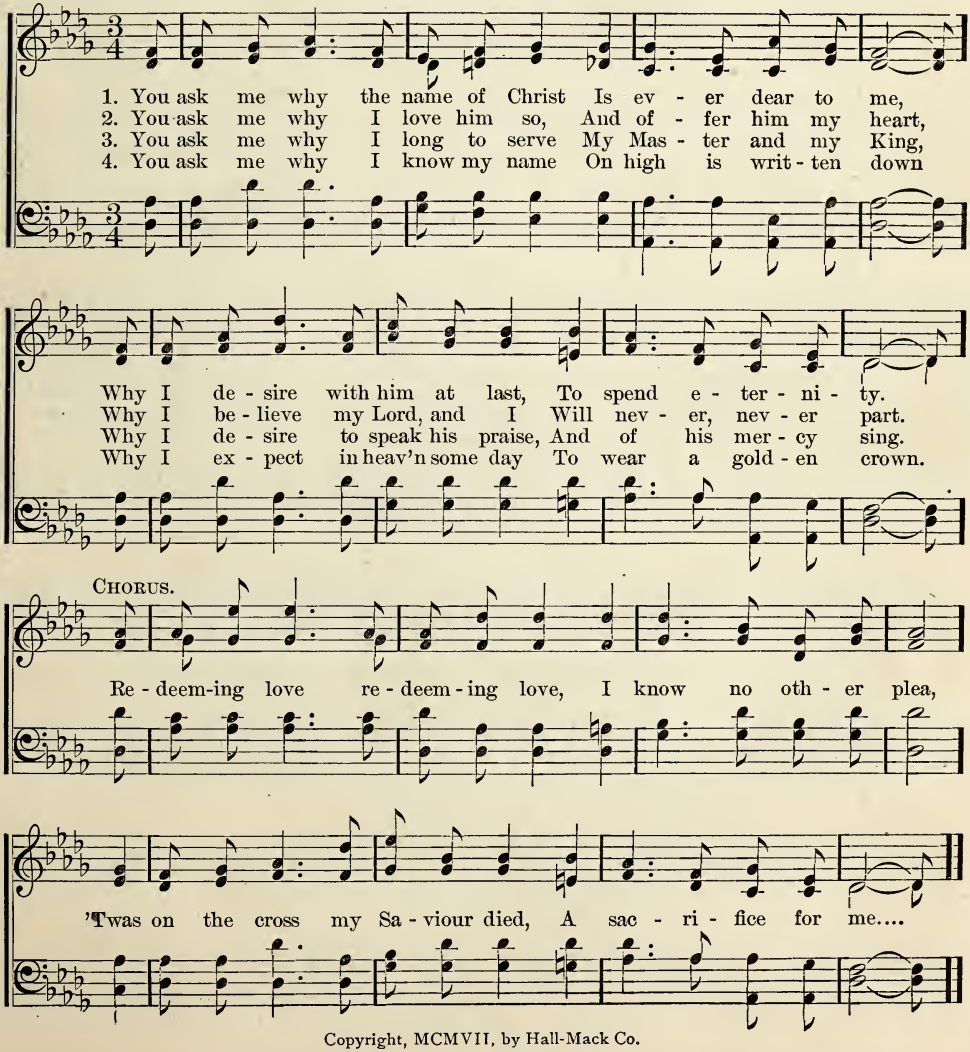
The Cloud and Fire.—Concluded.



No. 55. Redeeming Love.

Rev. T. M. Eastwood. C. Harold Lowden.



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No. 56. Angels, Get My Mansion Ready.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. C. Austin Miles.

1. O - ver yon - der stands the mansion Christ prepared for me, God ordained that I should
2. Pur - er are the joys up yon-der than the halls of mirth, Grander are the songs e-
3. Tho' a pil - grim I have wandered in the val - ley here, Now un - to the blessed
4. When my work be- low is end - ed and my race is run, I will hear my Saviour

have it from e - ter - ni - ty; And I'll send a pray'r be - fore me, ere I
ter - nal than the songs of earth; Sweet- er is the bread of heav - en than the
home-land I am draw - ing near; Soon a - mid these scenes of sor - row I will
call - ing at the set of sun; Then I'll send a mes- sage up - ward, past yon

cross the foam, "An- gels, get my man-sion read- y, I am com - ing home."
hon - ey comb, An- gels, get my man-sion read- y, I am com - ing home.
cease to roam, An- gels, get my man-sion read- y, I am com - ing home.
vault - ed dome, "An- gels, get my man-sion read- y, I am com - ing home."

Chorus.

I am com - ing home to heav - en, with the an - gels there to dwell, I am

com - ing home to glo- ry, where I'll nev - er say fare-well; I am com - ing to that

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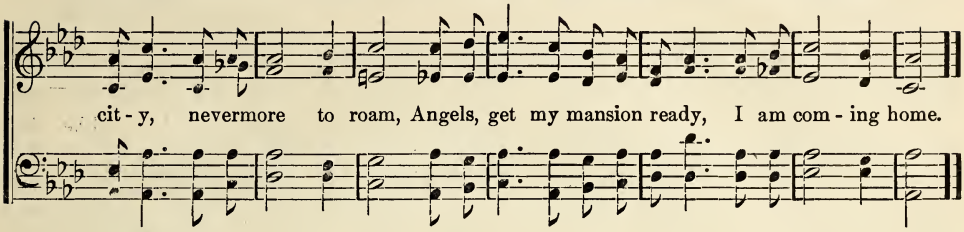
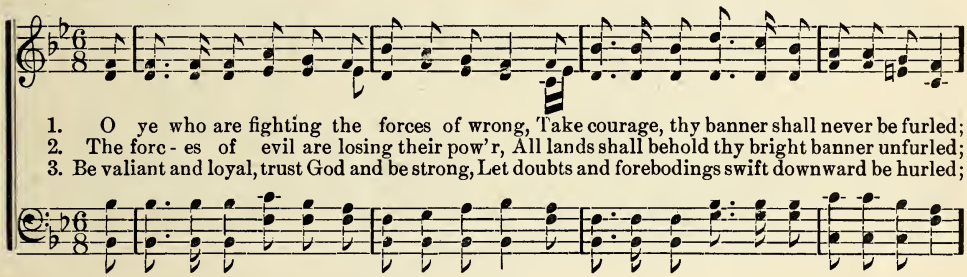
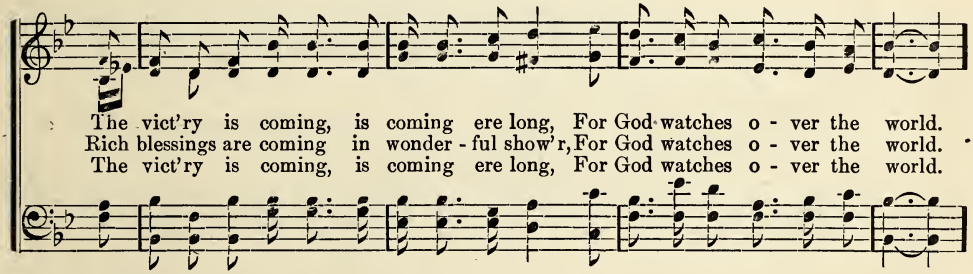
Angels, Get My Mansion Ready.—Concluded.

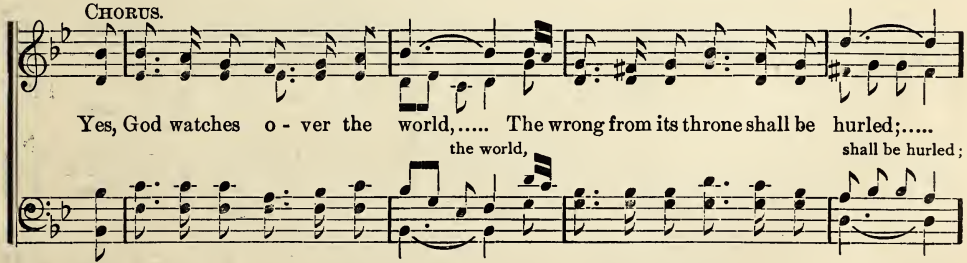


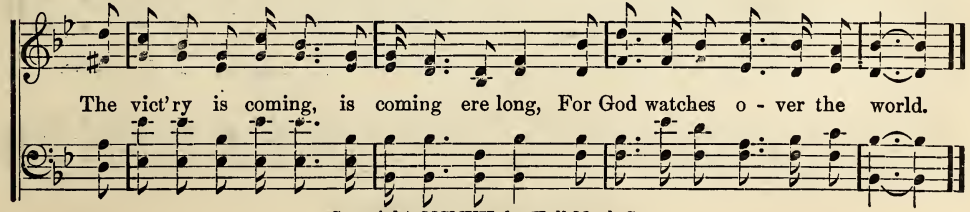
No. 57. God Watches Over the World.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.









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No. 58.

I'll Tell it Because it is True.

A. W. S. ARTHUR W. SPOONER.

1. The grace of my Sav - iour is bound- less and free, His love like the
2. When far from my home in the des - ert of sin, He brought me a -
3. The path to my home is oft rug - ged and steep, But strength for each
4. And when the dear Sav - iour I see on his throne, And stand 'mid the

o - cean so deep: He wel- comes the sin - ners who en - ter his fold, He
gain to the fold: His care was so ten - der, his love was so sweet, The
day will be giv'n: The grace that has saved me, most sure - ly will keep, And
great ransomed throng, The grace that has saved me, I there will pro - claim, And

CHORUS.

guides them and calls them his sheep.
sto - ry can nev - er grow old.
bring me at last safe to heav'n.
join in re - demp- tion's glad song.

I'll tell the sweet sto - ry of

grace,..... The sto - ry so old, but so new,..... ... I'll
the sweet sto - ry, ev - er new,

rit.

tell it to men ev ' ry - where..... I'll tell it, be-cause it is true.
ev- 'ry-where

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No. 59.

As the Day Breaks.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. As the shadows of the night round are fall - ing, I am thinking of that
2. When we gath - er home at last there'll be sing - ing, Such as an - gels round the
3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who

day by and by; When the trum - pet of the Lord shall be call - ing,
throne nev - er heard; For the song of souls re - deemed shall go ring - ing,
passed on be - fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev - er, nev - er,

Chorus.

As the day breaks o'er the hills.
As the day breaks o'er the hills.
When the day breaks o'er the hills.
I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my

journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, There'll be singing, there'll be

shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills.
the heavenly hills.

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No. 60. I Expect to Hear the Saviour Call My Name.

A. W. S. ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER, D. D.

1. When the trump of God shall ush - er in the aw - ful judgment day, I ex-
2. When the skies shall roll to - geth - er, and the stars all dis - ap- pear, I ex-
3. O - how sweet will be the mu - sic when, be- fore the blood-washed throng, I shall

pect to hear the Saviour call my name; For I'm trusting in the promis - es, his
pect to hear the Saviour call my name; He will disappoint me nev - er, and my
hear the blessed Saviour call my name; "Come, ye blessed," this his welcome, "to the

call my name;

word my con - stant stay, O I'm sure I'll hear the Sav - iour call my name.
soul shall know no fear, For I'm sure I'll hear the Sav - iour call my name.
home prepared for you;" I'll be glad to hear the Sav - iour call my name.

CHORUS. *rit.*

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I expect to hear the Saviour call my name;

call my name;

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I ex- pect to hear the Saviour call my name.

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No. 61.

We Shall Be Like Him.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. We shall be like him, when he shall come in glo - ry: Like him for- ev - er, thro'
2. We shall be like him, how- ev - er rough our journey, Light from this promise shall
3. We shall be like him, the vail will soon be lift - ed, Then we shall praise him for

rich - es of his grace; O what as - sur - ance to all God's children giv - en,
bright- en ev - 'ry place; "Like our Redeem - er," our hearts sing hal - le - lu - jah,
all his love and grace; No more the earth - ly, but glo - ry grand, e - ter - nal,

CHORUS.

We shall be like him when we see his face. We..... shall be like him,

We shall be

we shall be like him, For we shall see him as..... he is; We shall be

like him, we shall be like him, For we shall see him as he is.

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No. 62.

Tell Jesus All.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Thy cup of woe,..... thy weight of loss, The sins that would thy soul en - thrall; Thy dai - ly cares,..... the heav-y cross—
2. The road that oft..... seems dim and long, The shad - ows that a-round thee fall; The con-flict with..... the sin and wrong,
3. The storms that rage..... so fierce and wild, The mountains ris - ing grim and tall; He knows thy way,..... O wea-ry child,

1. Thy cup of woe, thy weight of loss,
Thy dai - ly cares, the heav - y cross—

CHORUS.

Tell Je - sus all! Tell him all!..... Tell Je - sus all! He can - not fail..... to hear thy call; O wea - ry heart,..... he'll strength impart, Tell Je - sus all!.....

Tell Je - sus all!
Tell Je - sus all!
Tell Je - sus all!
He can - not fail
O wea - ry heart,
he'll strength impart,
Tell Je - sus all!

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No. 63.

He's the One.

J. B. M. J. B. Mackay.

1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un - derstands our hearts, When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym - pa-thiz- es with us, who in won- drous love imparts Just the ver - y, ver - y blessing that we need?
2. Is there an - y - one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we faint and fall beneath it in a - larm; Who in ten - derness will lift us, and the heav - y bur - den share, And sup - port us with an ev - er - last - ing arm?
3. Is there an - y - one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace, When his heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af- fords a sweet re- lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
4. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the end is drawing near, Who will go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way before us, and dis- pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide?

Chorus.

Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, he's the One; When af- flictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the One.

Yes, there's One, on - ly One,

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No. 64.

A Mother's Prayer.

C. A. M. (SOLO.) C. AUSTIN MILES.

Unison throughout. Slowly.

1. There's a moth-er on her knees in prayer, You have oft - en seen her kneeling there;
2. She remembers you in youth's glad hour, Ere you felt the hold of sin's sad pow'r,
3. Shall her pray'r for you unanswered be, Can you, then, withstand her earnest plea?
4. Turn and seek your mother's God just now, In his presence come and humbly bow;

She is ask-ing God to send you home, From the path of sin in which you roam.
And to her the boy is just the same, Tho' he fol-lows now the path of shame.
Must her form be laid a-way to rest, Ere you yield to this her last re - quest?
That your mother's prayer may answered be, And from sin's strong hand you may be free.

REFRAIN.

"O my Father! Send him back to me, My boy, my boy;

1

It's no matter what his life may be, Or how wrong the way he may have trod;

2

Grant that he may turn to-day, And no lon - ger stay From home and God."

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No. 65. There's Never a Friend Like Jesus.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. There's nev- er a friend like Je - sus, When all is bright and fair, When skies are clear, and
2. There's nev- er a friend like Je - sus, When faint has grown the heart, When hopes are fled, and
3. There's nev- er a friend like Je - sus, When leaves of sorrow roll, When woes distress, and
4. There's nev- er a friend like Je - sus, When life's short day is past, When fades the light, and

glad hopes cheer, And life is free from care. In midst of joy and pleasure, O
joy is dead, And pleasures all de - part. When souls are heav- y - la - den, By
griefs oppress; Earth's comforts ne' er con - sole. But in the keen- est suff' ring, In
death's dark night Comes to the soul at last. When all the joys and sor- rows, When

hear the Saviour's voice; 'Tis on - ly the love of Je - sus Can make the soul re - joice.
cares and fears oppressed, 'Tis on - ly the love of Je - sus Can give the wea- ry rest.
all the bit- ter grief, 'Tis on - ly the love of Je - sus Can give the heart re - lief.
cares and burdens, cease, 'Tis on - ly the love of Je - sus Can bring e- ter - nal peace.

CHORUS.

There's nev - er a friend, nev - er a friend, Nev - er a friend like Je - sus;

rit.

There's nev - er a friend, nev - er a friend, Nev - er a friend like Je - sus.

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No. 66.

The Blood Covers it All.

A. W. S. ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER, D. D.

1. The mer - cy of Je - sus is wondrous and free, The blood cov - ers it all;
2. No sin - ner need per - ish who wants to be saved, The blood cov - ers it all;
3. Do fol - lies of youth cast a shade on your soul? The blood cov - ers it all;
4. All glo - ry to Je - sus, my Saviour and King, The blood cov - ers it all;

A boundless sal - va - tion is of - fered to thee, The blood cov - ers it all.
The pathway to glo - ry for all has been paved, The blood cov - ers it all.
All sins are for - gotten when grace makes you whole, The blood cov - ers it all.
Thro' a - ges un- end- ing I'll grate - ful - ly sing, "The blood cov - ers it all."

CHORUS.

The blood cov - ers it all,..... The blood cov - ers it all; O
yes, cov - ers it all,

rit.

plunge in the fountain from Cal - vary's mountain, The blood cov - ers it all.

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No. 67.

It Cleanseth.

Rev. W. H. Vanderherchen. C. Austin Miles.

1. Our fel - low - ship is bless - ed, While walk - ing in the light;
2. See, from his hands now flow - ing, And from his feet and side,
3. And now we have re - demp - tion Thro' Je - sus' pre - cious blood,
4. When we as - cend to glo - ry, A - round the throne of God,

The blood of Je - sus cleans - eth, And sets our hearts a - right.
The stream of life is flow - ing, From wounds both deep and wide.
Trans - gres - sions are for - giv - en, Ac - cord - ing to his word.
We'll sing of him who loved us, And washed us in his blood.

Chorus.

Yes, it cleans - - - eth, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Now the
cleans-eth, yes, it cleans - eth,

blood of Je - sus cleans-eth me, yes, me! Yes, it cleans - - eth, O
e - ven me! cleanseth, yes, it cleans-eth,

glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! For the blood that cleans- eth me. (e - ven me.)

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No. 68.

Tarry Till You Get the Power.

A. W. S. ARTHUR W. SPOONER, D. D.

1. God is call - ing loud for reap - ers, For his wait - ing har - vest field, There is
2. When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend - ed, On that Pen - te - cos - tal day, And those
3. From that up - per room the mes - sage Went to glad - den all the world, And the
4. All a - round us men are dy - ing, Drop - ping deep - er in - to sin, Stray - ing

work for us to do this ver - y hour; So we'll wak - en all the sleep - ers
wait - ing hearts the prom - ise plead - ed o'er; Like a rush - ing wind from heaven,
bless - ed news to heav'n be - gan to soar; That the world was find - ing Je - sus,
far - ther, far - ther, far - ther, ev - 'ry hour; And we long to tell the sto - ry,

To his summons we will yield, But we'll wait till we receive the prom - ised power.
Came the fire from off the throne; It was there those brave dis - ci - ples got the power.
And the lost were com - ing home, For the mes - sen - gers were pan - o - plied with power.
Of the Christ who waits to save, But we can - not till we get the promised power.

CHORUS.

We must tar - ry till we get the power, We must get the power,
tar - ry till we get the power! We will car - ry sword and shield, get the power!

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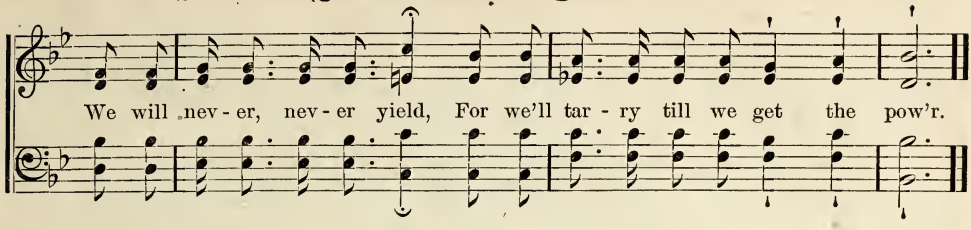
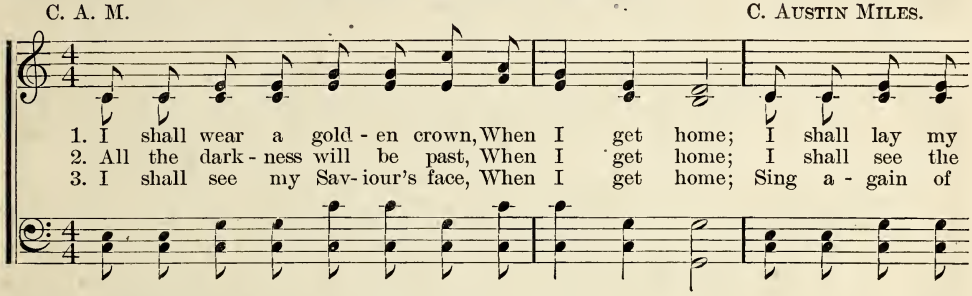
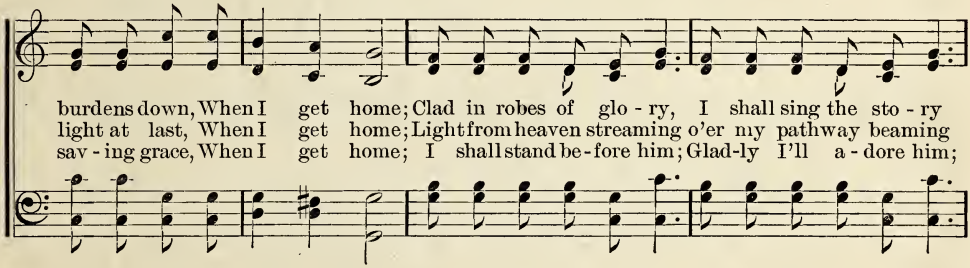
Tarry Till You Get the Power.—Concluded.

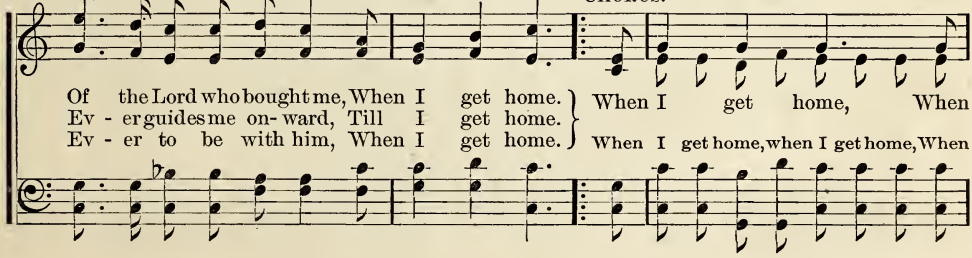


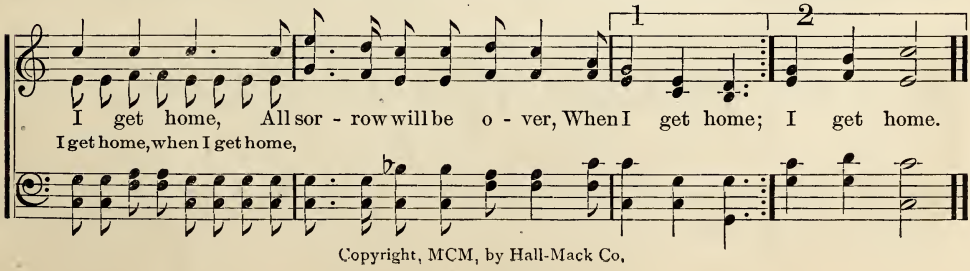
No. 69. When I Get Home.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.









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No. 70.

Tarry With Me.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

Slowly.

1. Tar- ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the morn breaks to view, When the du - ties be - fore me as a bur-den ap - pear; For each du- ty is pleasure, and each task is a joy, And burdens grow lighter, if thou art but near.
2. Tar- ry with me, my Sa-viour, And a-bide as the morn Press- es on in - to noon-day with my la - bors not done; Tar- ry with me, when wea- ry, and the bur-den grows light, For when thou art with me, two la- bor as one.
3. Tar- ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the lights grow more dim And I grope in the dark-ness tho' the sun still shines bright; When these eyes close for-ev-er on the scenes I have loved They'll open, be-hold-ing thy face with de-light.
4. Tar- ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the threshold I cross Of that heav- en - ly man- sion, there forev - er to stay They may question my ti - tle, but with thee at my side I'll cry: "Here's my Saviour! Ask him if I may!"

Chorus.

Tarry with me, my Saviour, Tar-ry with me I pray, I need thee, greatly need thee each step of the way. Tar-ry with me in sunshine Tar- ry with me in shade For when thou art near me I'll not be a - fraid.

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No. 71.

Rejoicing in Him.

Rev. T. M. Eastwood. Mary Hubbert Munford.

1. When the Sav - iour I found, To the joy of my soul, I went on my way re - joic - ing; When he pardoned my sin, And made my heart whole, I went on my way re - joic - ing.
2. When he en - tered my heart, And he made me his own, I went on my way re - joic - ing; When I trust - ed in him, Who sits on the throne, I went on my way re - joic - ing.
3. Some sweet day, up in heav'n, With the Lord by my side, I'll go on my way re - joic - ing; When in his presence dear I ev - er a - bide, I'll go on my way re - joic - ing.

Chorus.

Re - joic - ing, re - joic - ing, I went on my way re - joic - ing; Since Christ is my King, His prais - es I'll sing, And go on my way re - joic - ing.

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No. 72.

Do Something for Somebody.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Do something for somebod- y ev- 'ry day, To help them a- long in the heavenly way;
2. Do something for somebod- y ev- 'ry day, The one by your side may be far from life's way;
3. Do something for somebod- y ev-'ry day, You may not do much, you can speak, you can pray;

A "liv- ing e - pis- tle" are you for God, A wit- ness for Je - sus the glo - ri- fied Lord.
Then bring him to Je- sus this ver - y hour, His love has redeem'd you, go tell of his pow'r.
What-ev- er is done for the bless-ed Lord, Sometime, 'tis his promise, receives a re- ward.

Chorus.

Do some - thing for some - bod - y ev - 'ry day, Go scat - ter some

bless - ing a - long life's way; Give help to thy neigh - bor, be

watch - ful, pray; Do some - thing for some - bod - y ev - 'ry day.

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No. 73.

The Old Song.

JAMES ROWE. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. A wan-dering boy was a - wea - ry, The sun was sink-ing low, When ten-der the
2. He tho't of the mother who lov'd him, And tho't of the stains with- in, Then rais-ing his
3. "My soul is no lon - ger a - wea - ry, For I have a song in my heart, And Je - sus is

voice of a sing - er, Un-seen, set his heart a - glow; It soft-ened his sin- hardened
eyes to the Sav - iour, He prayed for release from sin; "I'm com- ing to thee, dear-est
my precious Sav - iour, Who nev-er from me will part; He'll walk with me all thro' life's

spir - it As noth- ing had done be - fore, For oft - en his moth - er sung it To
moth - er," With joy in his heart, he cried; "Your wander- ing boy's re - turn- ing, And
jour - ney, My con-stant com-pan - ion, friend; I'll love him and trust him, serve him, Till

CHORUS.

him when the day was o'er.
Je - sus is at my side."
life's fleet-ing day shall end."

"O where is my boy to - night?" Up - on the soft breeze

rang; "My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows," The hid - den sing - er sang.

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No. 74. God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath his wings of
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
3. All you may need he will provide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
4. No matter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up-

Chorus.

love a-bide, God will take care of you.
path as-sail, God will take care of you.
be de-nied, God will take care of you.
on his breast, God will take care of you.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,

O'er all the way, He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.

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No. 75. There's a Shout in the Camp.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. There's a shout in the camp: "Keep the fires brightly burning All the night long,"
2. There's a shout in the camp for the vic-t'ry is coming O'er Satan's pow'r,
3. There's a shout in the camp o-ver sin-ners re-turning Home to the fold,
4. There's a shout in the camp, 'tis a glad "Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!"

That the lost may re-turn to the fold of the shepherd From paths of wrong.
Thro' the word of the Lord we the bat-tle are gaining This ver-y hour.
From the by-way of sin with its bur-den of sorrow To joy un-told.
All who trust in his name shall re-ceive his sal-va-tion, 'Tis God's own word.

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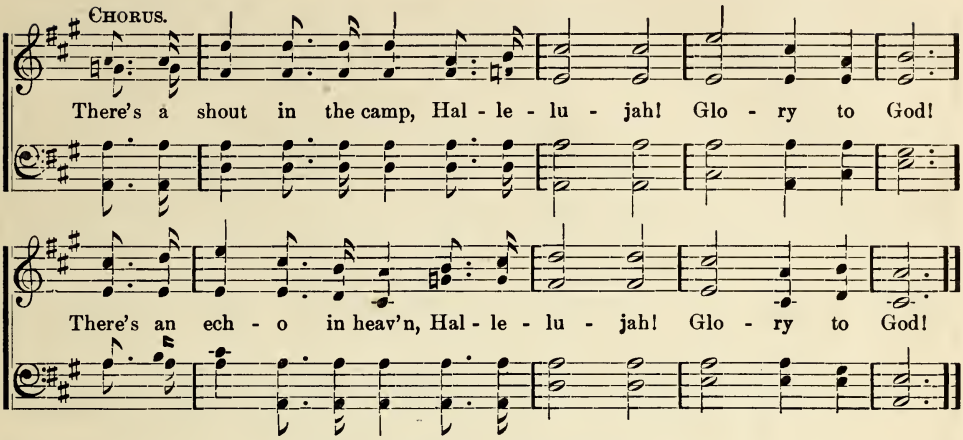
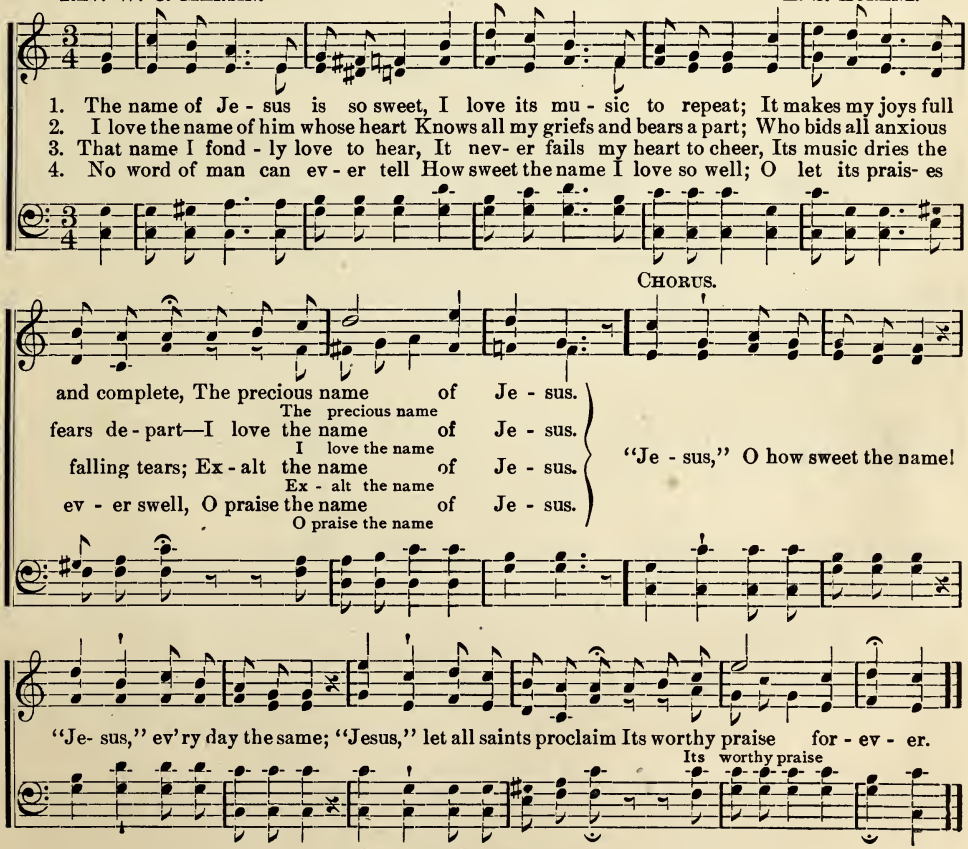
There's a Shout in the Camp.—Concluded.



No. 76. The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Martin. E. S. Lorenz.



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No. 77. Does Jesus Care?

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp-ta - tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear- est on earth to me,

As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis-tress, And the way grows wea- ry aud long?
As the day- light fades In-to deep night shades, Does he care e - nough to be near?
When for my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?

Chorus.

O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;

ad lib. *rit.*

When the days are wea-ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Sa - viour cares.
he cares.

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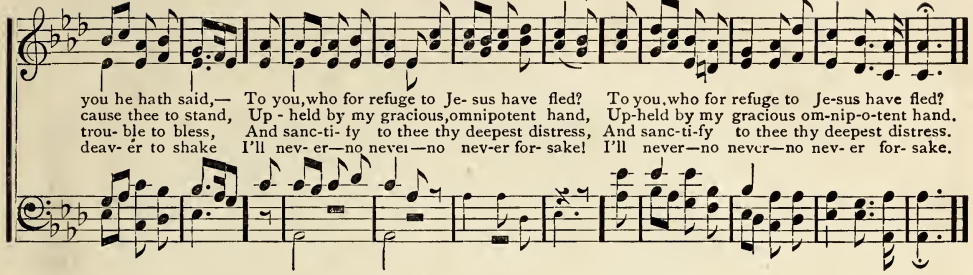
No. 78. How Firm A Foundation.

G. Keith. M. Portogallo.

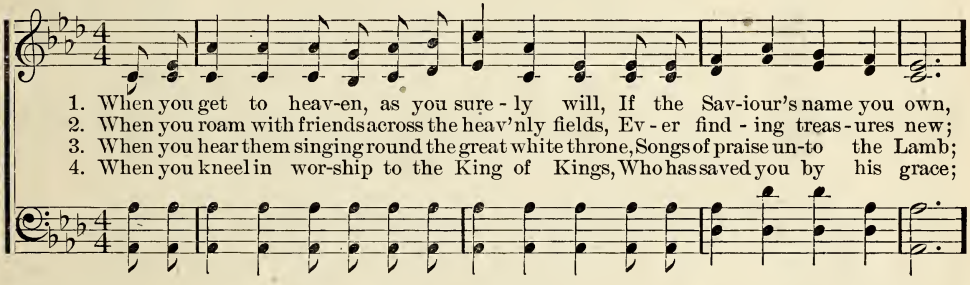
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say than to
2. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
3. When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow; For I will be with thee thy
4. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not—I will not desert to his foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-

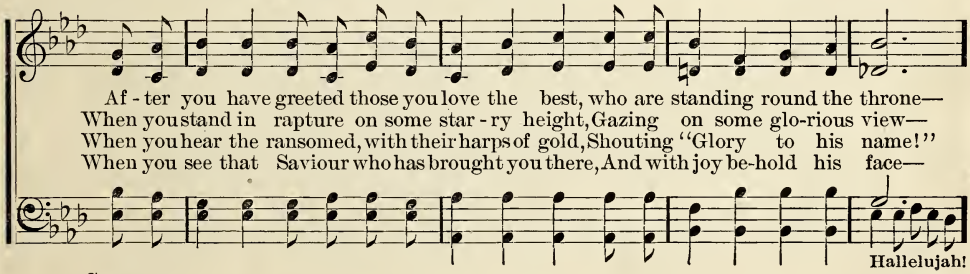
How Firm a Foundation.—Concluded.



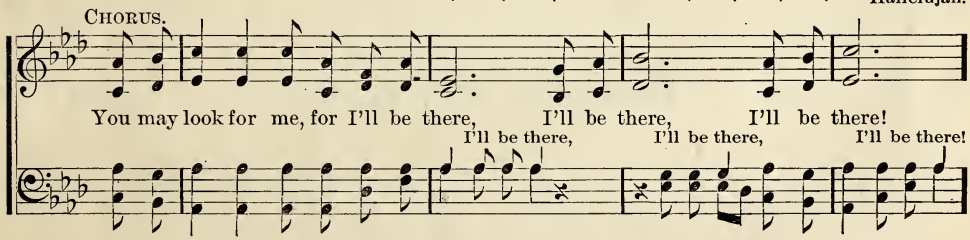
No. 79. Look For Me.

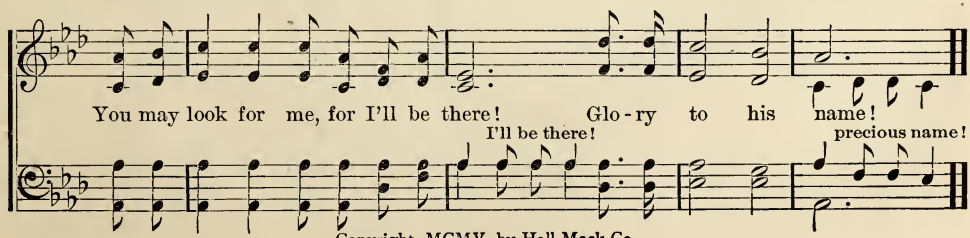
A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.





Chorus.





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No. 80. Trusting in Jesus.

Rev. T. M. Eastwood. Mary Hubbert Munford.

1. I once was burdened with my sin, But now in Christ I'm trust - ing;
2. The cares of earth have made me sad, But now in Christ I'm trust - ing;
3. Once fear of death filled me with gloom, But now in Christ I'm trust - ing;
4. I wea - ry walked a - long life's way, But now in Christ I'm trust - ing;

I feel his joy and peace with - in, Since in his love I'm trust - ing.
His pres- ence with me makes me glad, Since in his peace I'm trust - ing.
There is no shad-ow in the tomb, Since in his pow'r I'm trust - ing.
I gain fresh cour-age ev - 'ry day, Since in his grace I'm trust - ing.

Chorus.

Trust-ing in Je- sus ev-'ry day, Trusting in Je - sus all the way;
ev-'ry day, all the way;

Trust-ing in him, my Sav- iour and friend, Trusting in Je - sus un - to life's end.

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No. 81. Deliverance Will Come.

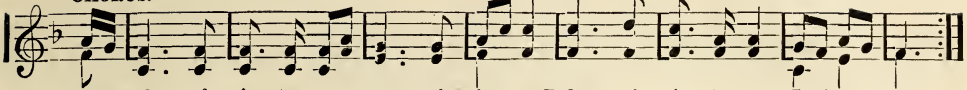
Words arr. Arr. by Rev. W. M'Donald, by per.

1. { I saw a way - worn trav - 'ler, In tat - ter'd gar - ments clad,
   { His back was la - den heav - y, His strength was al - most gone,
2. { The sum - mer sun was shin - ing, The sweat was on his brow,
   { But he kept press - ing on - ward, For he was wen - ding home;

And strug - gling up the mount- ain It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shout - ed as he jour- ney'd, De - liv - er - ance will come.
His gar --ments worn and dust - y His steps seemed ver - y slow:
Still shout - ing as he jour- ney'd, De - liv - er - ance will come!

Deliverance Will Come.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Then palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to- ry I shall wear.

3 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna
Deliverance will come!

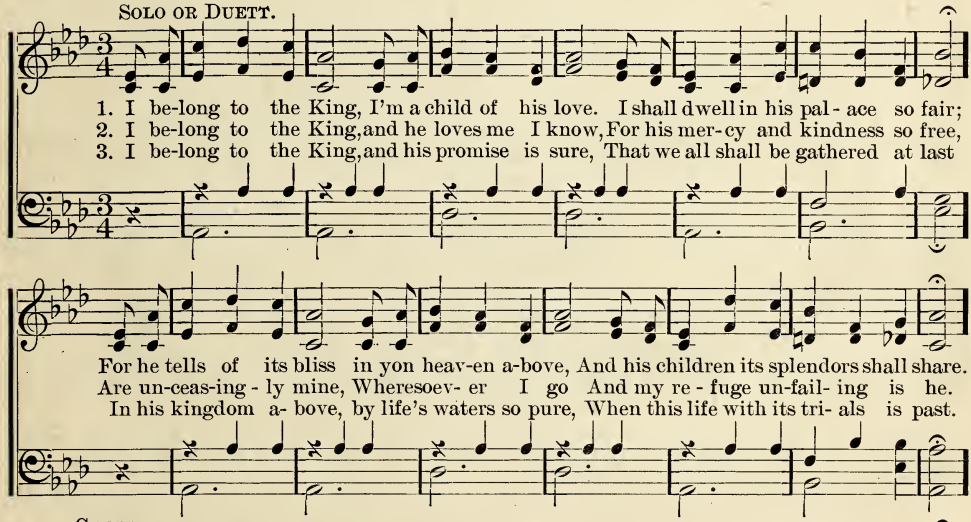
4 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

5 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer never more:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

No. 82. I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

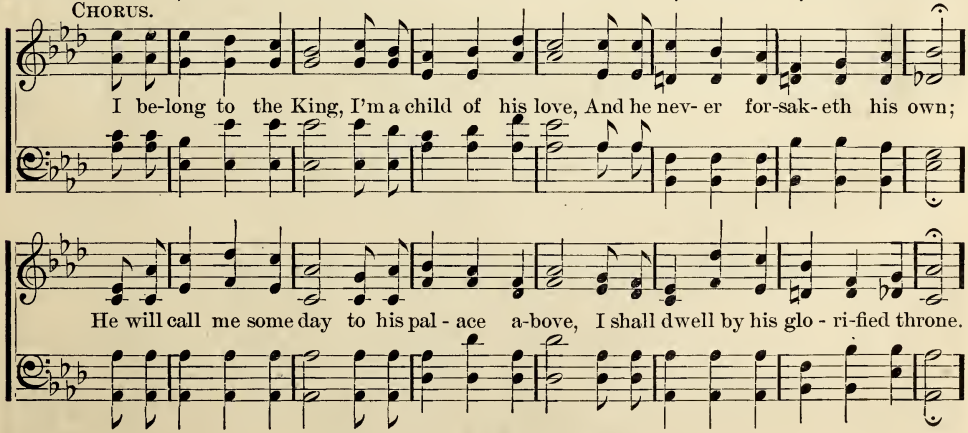
SOLO OR DUETT.



1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of his love. I shall dwell in his pal - ace so fair;
2. I be-long to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer-cy and kindness so free,
3. I be-long to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be gathered at last

For he tells of its bliss in yon heav-en a-bove, And his children its splendors shall share.
Are un-ceas-ing - ly mine, Wheresoev- er I go And my re - fuge un-fail- ing is he.
In his kingdom a- bove, by life's waters so pure, When this life with its tri- als is past.

CHORUS.



I be-long to the King, I'm a child of his love, And he nev- er for-sak- eth his own;

He will call me some day to his pal - ace a-bove, I shall dwell by his glo - ri-fied throne.

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No. 83. The Former Days.

T. M. EASTWOOD. MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. When blind-ed are the eyes of faith To God's mys - ter - ious ways,
2. Dry - shod God's peo - ple crossed the sea He fed them in the world,
3. When all the fields were brown and bare And hearts of men in pain,
4. The sons of right- eous - ness he blest And raised them up on high,
5. Our God is ev - er - more the same The same in love and pow'r,

There's light - if we but backwards look To be-hold the form - er days.
His en - e - mies in ter - ror fled, In the dis - tant days of old.
The win - dows of the skies God oped, And sent re - fresh - ing rain.
And when they thought themselves for - got, They found God's pres - ence nigh.
And what he did in times of old He will do this ver - y hour.

CHORUS.

Re-mem - ber the form - er days saith God Re - mem- ber the form- er days,

"For I am God, I am true to my word," Re-mem - ber the form - er days.
former days.

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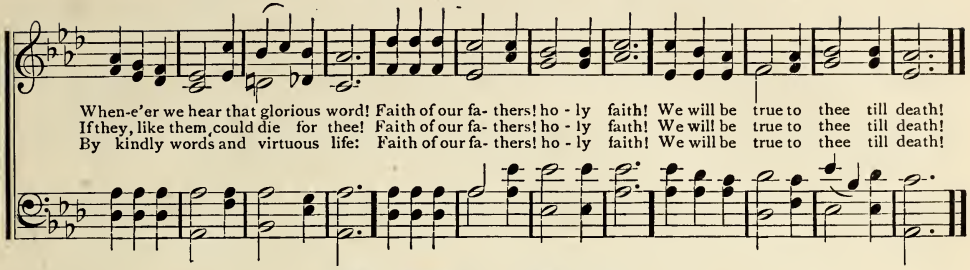
No. 84. Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. (ST. CATHERINE.) J. G. WALTON.

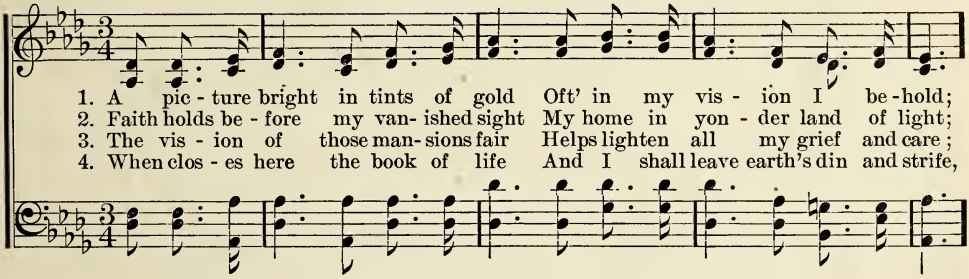
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword: O how our hearts beat high with joy
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free: How sweet would be their children's fate,
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife: And preach thee, too, as love knows how,

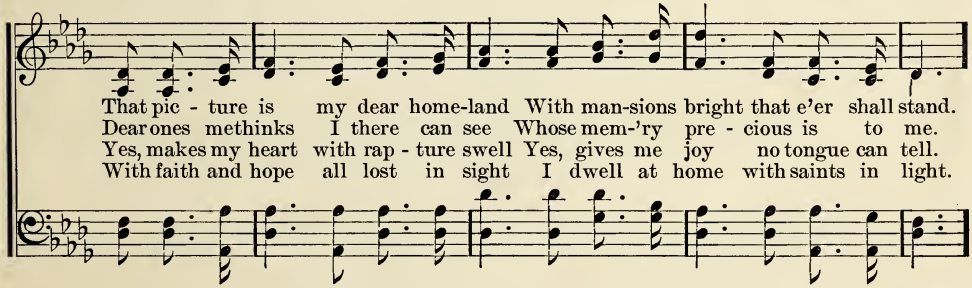
Faith of Our Fathers.—Concluded.



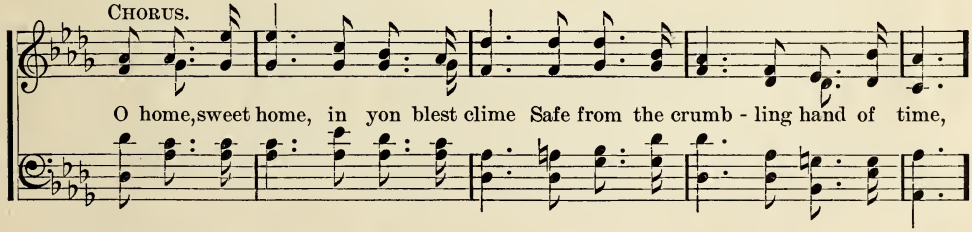
No. 85. A Picture Bright.

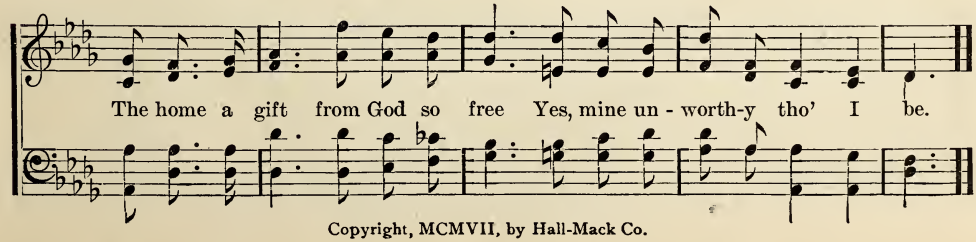
CHAS. J. BUTLER. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.





CHORUS.





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No. 86. Somebody's Praying For You.

IDA. L. REED. C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUETT. *Slowly.* QUARTETTE.

1. Come to the Fa- ther, O wan-der - er, come, Somebody's pray-ing for you,
2. God's voice is call- ing, O do not de - lay Somebody's pray-ing for you,
3. Quench not the spir - it but yield from your heart, Somebody's pray-ing for you,

DUETT. QUARTETTE.

Turn from the sin-paths no long- er to roam Somebody's praying for you.....
Bow at the mer-cy-seat, bend while you may Somebody's praying for you.....
God waits his par- don, his peace to im- part Somebody's praying for you.....
is pray-ing for you.

DUETT. QUARTETTE.

Some-bod- y loves you where-ever you stray, Bears you in faith to God day aft - er day;
Some-bod-y's wres'ling in pray'r for your soul, Long-ing to see you made per-fect- ly whole;
Kneel in your weakness con-fess-ing your sin Tho' they are ma-ny and dark tho' they've been;

DUETT. QUARTETTE.

Pray'r-ful - ly fol-lows you all the dark way, Somebody's praying for you, for you.
Down where the bil- lows of Cal - va - ry roll, Somebody's praying for you, for you.
O - pen your heart let love's cleansing tide in, Somebody's praying for you, for you.

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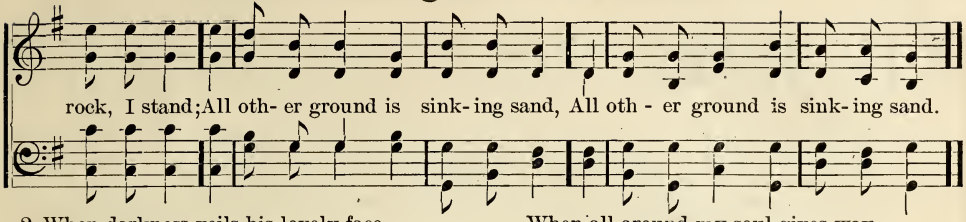
No. 87. The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

REFRAIN.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ, the sol - id

The Solid Rock.—Concluded.



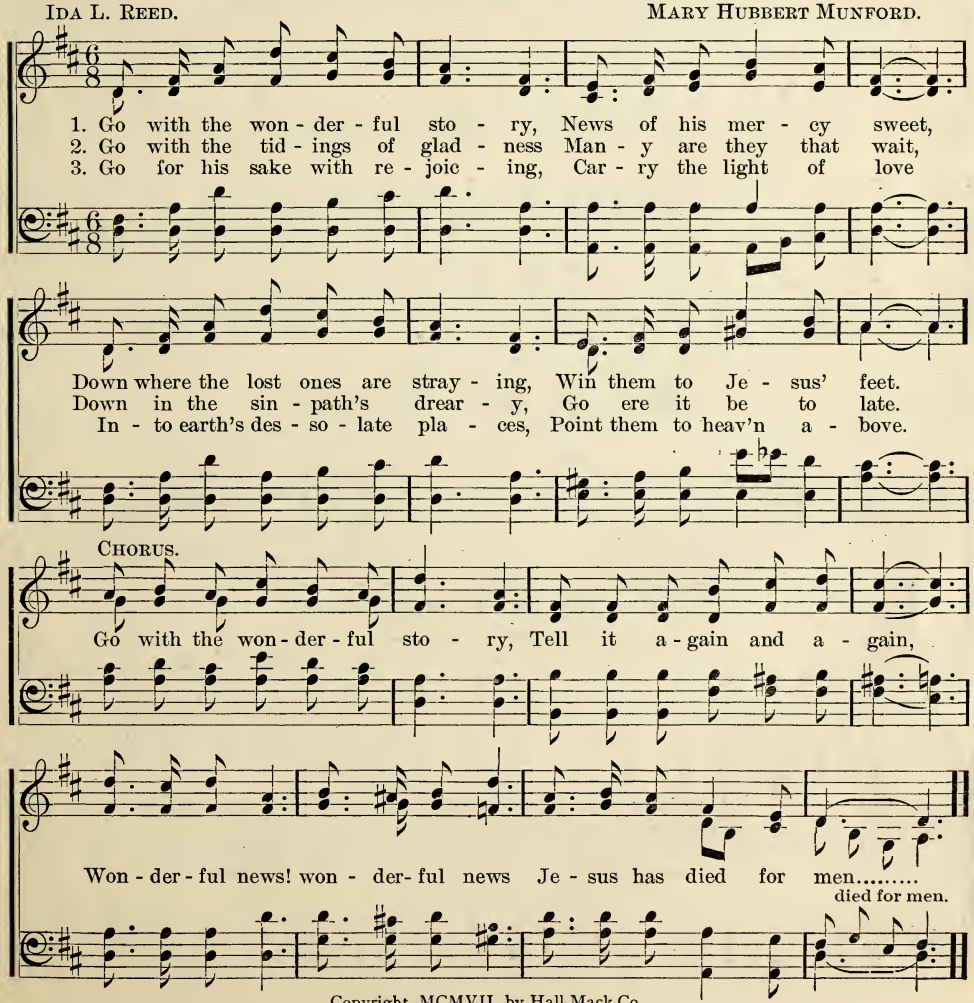
2 When darkness veils his lovely face
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, his convenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in him be found;
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

No. 88. Go With the Wonderful Story.

IDA L. REED. MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.



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No. 89. A Building Not Made With Hands.

H. J. L. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. { In the place of mansions fair I have waiting for me there A building not made with hands;
   So I'll sing a joy- ful song, For I'll go ere ver - y long To a building not made with hands. }
2. { Thro' the Pente- cos- tal pow'r I am saved this ver-y hour A building not made with hands;
   For the precious blood applied Makes me fully sat-is- fied A building not made with hands. }
3. { When my earthly work is o'er And I reach the other shore A building not made with hands;
   I shall see my Saviour's face Who redeemed me by his grace A building not made with hands. }

CHORUS.

Not made with hands, not made with hands A building not made with hands, Hal- le-lu- jah!

And I soon shall a- way for - ev - er to stay In the building not made with hands.

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No. 90. Only A Veil Between.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Je - sus has en- tered with-in the veil That hides the bright homeland from me;
2. Friends I loved dear, who have gone be - fore I'll meet at the beau- ti - ful throne;
3. Won - der-ful vis-ions shall I be- hold, When in - to that homeland I go;
4. Ho - li- est rap-ture shall fill my soul, When Je - sus my Saviour I see;

And when I at last the veil have pass'd, His glo - ry my eyes shall see.
With heav- en - ly bands I'll strike glad hands And know e'en as I am known.
And mu - sic more sweet my ear will greet, Than e'er I have known be - low.
On heav'n's homeland shore the veil no more Shall hide his dear face from me.

shall see.

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Only A Veil Between.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

On - ly a veil, on - ly a veil On - ly a veil be - tween;

It is not far a - way to the home-land, There is on - ly a veil be - tween.

No. 91. Some Glad Morning.

JAMES ROWE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Cloud- less skies will meet my sight, All my wrongs will end in right,
2. Miss - ing friends, for whom I sigh Deep - er as the years go by,
3. With my bur - den laid a - side, I shall wake be - yond the tide
4. I shall hear the an - gels sing, And the bells of heav - en ring,

CHORUS.

I shall thrill with pure de - light, Some glad morn - ing.
I shall meet in yon- der sky, Some glad morn - ing.
And be ful - ly sat - is - fied, Some glad morn - ing.
I shall stand be - fore the King, Some glad morn - ing.
} Some glad morn - ing,

Some fair dawn-ing, I shall reach the bless-ed goal, Some glad morn-ing.

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No. 92. Since I Found My Saviour.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Life wears a dif - ferent face to me, Since I found my Sav - iour;
2. He sought me in his wond'rous love, So I found my Sav - iour,
3. The pass - ing cloud may in - ter - vene, Since I found my Sav - iour,
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - iour,

Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - iour.
He brought sal - va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al-might - y Sav - iour.
But he is with me, though un- seen, My ev - er- pres - ent Sav - iour.
It leads me on - ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav - iour.

Chorus.

Gold - en sun-beams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,
Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - iour.

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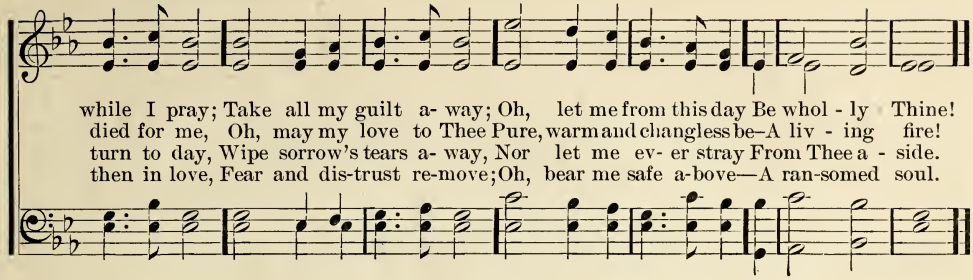
No. 93. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

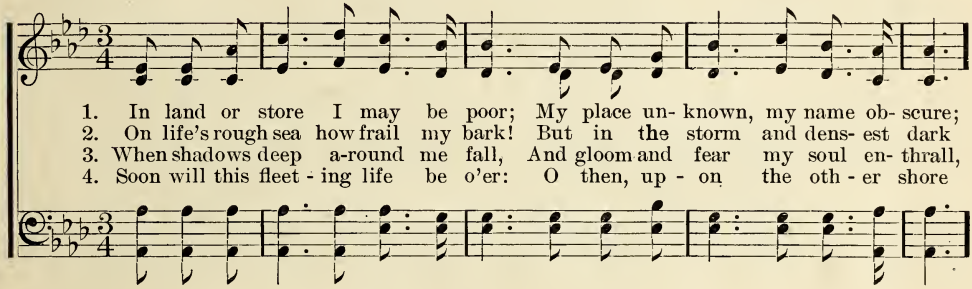
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va- ry, Sav - iour di- vine! Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide, Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour

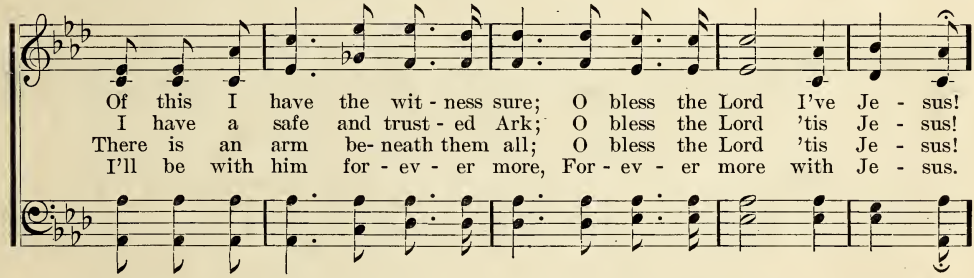
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.—Concluded.



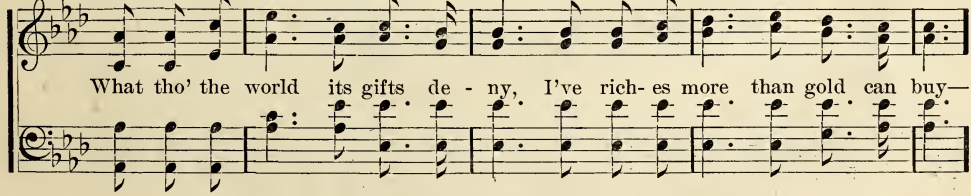
No. 94. 'Tis Jesus!

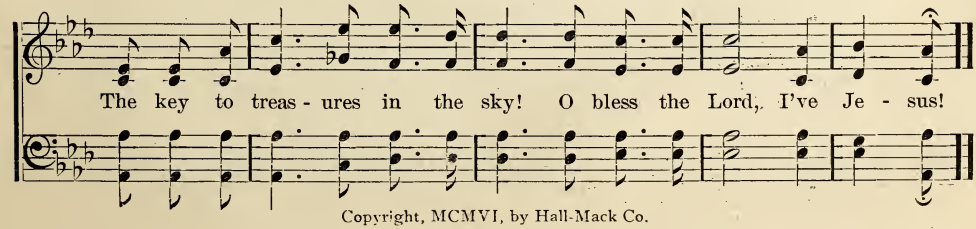
S.C. Kirk. Alfred Judson.





Chorus.





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No. 95. Jesus for Me.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je-sus, my Saviour, is all things to me, Oh, what a won-der-ful Saviour is he:
2. Je-sus in sickness, And Je-sus in health, Je-sus in pov-er-ty, Comfort or wealth,
3. He is my Re-fuge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my Fortress, my Strength and my Pow'r;
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of life, Fountain and Spring;
5. Je-sus in sor-row, in joy, or in pain, Je-sus my Treasure in loss or in gain;

Guiding, pro-tect-ing, o'er life's rolling sea, Might-y De-liv-'rer— Je-sus for me.
Sunshine or tempest, what-ev-er it be, He is my safe-ty:— Je-sus for me.
Life ev-er-last-ing, my Day's man is he, Bless-ed Re-deem-er— Je-sus for me.
Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is he, Horn of Sal-va-tion— Je-sus for me.
Constant Companion, where'er I may be, Liv-ing or dy-ing— Je-sus for me!

Chorus.

Je-sus for me, Je-sus for me, All the time, ev-'ry-where, Je-sus for me.

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No. 96. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

(MILES LANE.)

Edward Perronet. — William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you
3. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The worm wood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies
4. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, To him all ma-jes-
5. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er-

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name—Concluded.

di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
at his feet, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
ty as - cribe, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
last - ing song, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

No. 97. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun - shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad - ness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in a - ny earth - ly skies For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

Refrain.

Oh, there's sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, hap-py moments
sunshine in the soul, bless-ed sunshine in the soul,

roll: When Je - sus shows his smil-ing face, There is sunshine in the soul.
happy moments roll:

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No. 98. Wondrous Treasures.

IDA L. REED. MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

Slowly.

1. I have treas-ures, won-drous treas-ures, That are pre-cious to my soul,
2. Peace that pass-eth un-der-stand-ing, Hope in him that can-not die,
3. O-ver there a home so bless-ed, Where there shall be no more night,
4. You may have these bless-ed treas-ures, Un-to you he will be-stow

And they grow still dear-er, dear-er, As the glad years on-ward roll.
Full-ness of his love er-ter-nal Fore-taste of the joy on high.
Death and sin may nev-er en-ter, All is love and peace and light.
And each trust-ing soul who seeks them, Shall their bless-ed sweet-ness know.

CHORUS.

Gifts are they from God my Fa-ther, Straight from his dear hands they came,

Gifts that nev-er more shall per-ish, Mine for ev-er, Praise his name.

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No. 99. Happy Day.

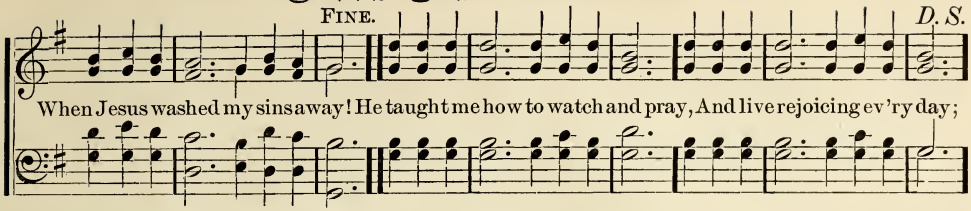
DODDRIDGE. RIMBAULT.

:S: REFRAIN.

1. { O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } Happy day, hap-py day,

D.S.—Hap-py day, hap-py day,

Happy Day.—Concluded.

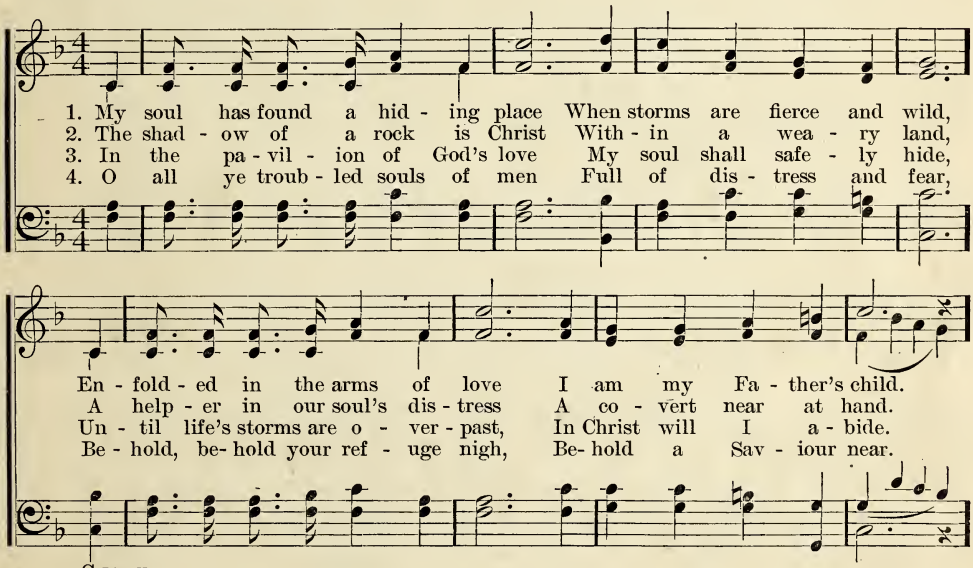


2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

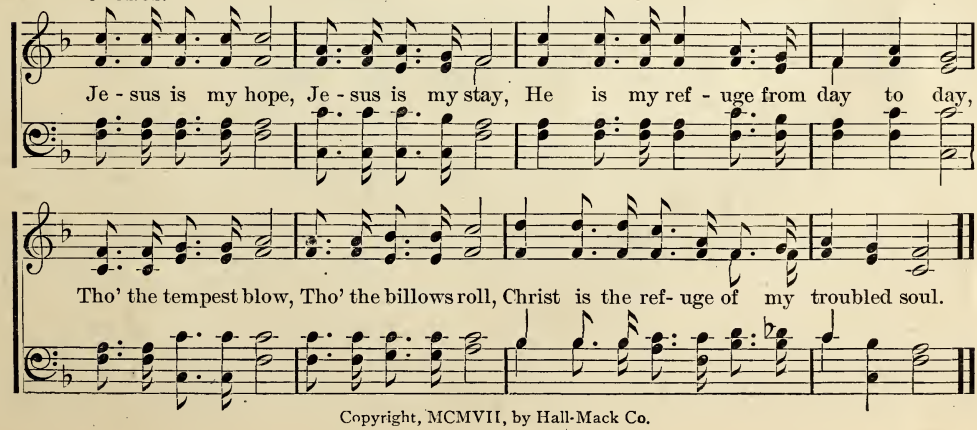
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No. 100. My Hiding Place.

T. M. EASTWOOD. C. AUSTIN MILES.



CHORUS.



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No. 101. Your Sins are Remembered No More.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Tho' your sins are as red as the crim - son, As countless as sands on the shore,
2. Tho' your sins are as deep as the scar - let, To judgment they've gone on be -fore,
3. If you ev - er ex- pect to reach heav - en The Saviour a - lone is the door;

In the blood of the blessed Re- deem - er They are cleansed and remembered no more.
The blood of the Sav-iour will cleanse you, And your sins he'll remem-ber no more.
In his life you are safe now and ev - er And your sins are re-membered no more.

Chorus.

Your sins are remembered no more, Your sins are remembered no more,
remembered no more, remembered no more,
To the depth of the sea he has cast them to be Re-membered against you no more.

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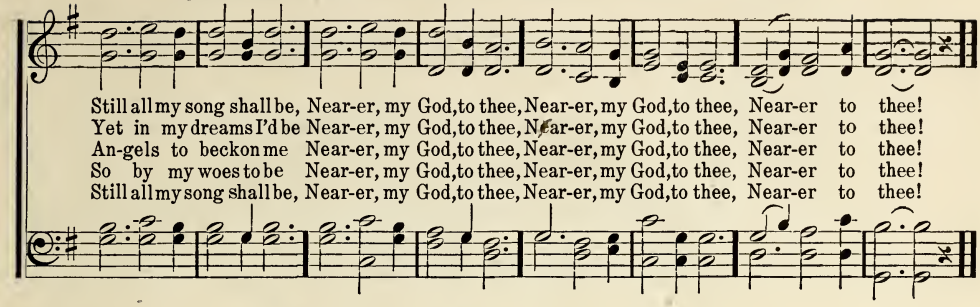
No. 102. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

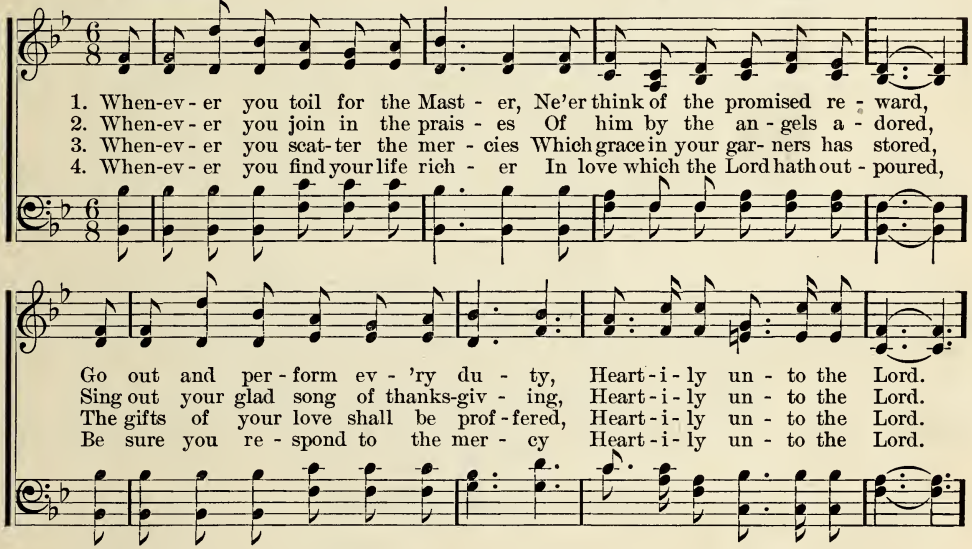
1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross, That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der- er The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un- to heav'n; All that thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto- ny griefs, Bethel I'll raise;
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly;

Nearer, My God, to Thee.—Concluded.

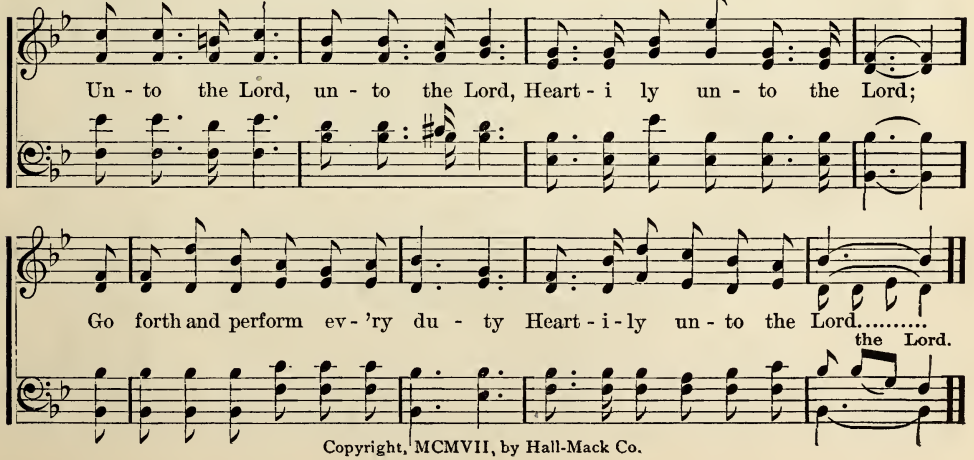


No. 103. Heartily Unto the Lord.

T. M. Eastwood. Mary Hubbert Munford.



Chorus.



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No. 104. I Was Poor as the Poorest.

FRANK H. MASHAW. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I was poor as the poorest outcast from the fold, I sank by the wayside with hunger and cold;
2. I was poor as the poorest, I shrank from the throng, I hid in the darkness that dwelt with me long;
3. I was poor as the poorest, I wandered a- lone, No place for a dwelling, my pil-low a stone;
4. I was poor as the poorest, he came from the sky With love that was deathless for sinners to die;
5. I was poor as the poorest till Jesus stooped low And washed all my sin stains the whiteness of snow;

:S: FINE.

But he bade me look upward his rich-es behold; O the wealth of the world is Je - sus.
But he came like the morning with sunlight and song Now the light of my life is Je - sus.
But I heard some one whisper, "My child, still my own," Now the peace of my heart is Je - sus.
And he bled there on Cal'v'ry my heart said, "'Tis I;" Now the love in my soul is Je - sus.
And so that is the rea-son I love him, you know; O the wealth of the world is Je - sus.

D.S.—And a man-sion up yonder that nev- er grows old, For the wealth of the world is Je - sus.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

I was poor as the poorest outcast from the fold, But he gave me great treasures of silver and gold.

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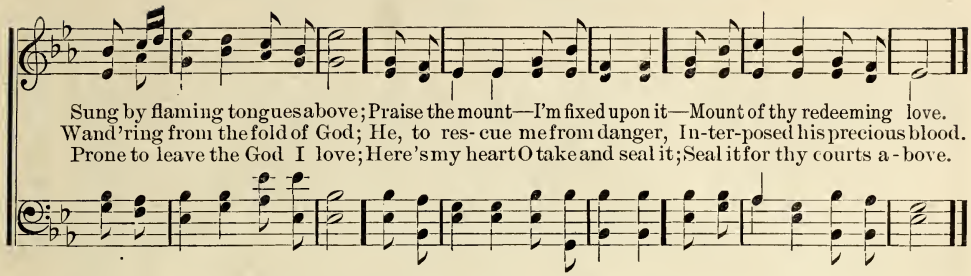
No. 105. Come, Thou Fount.

ROBERT ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of
2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by thy help I'm come; And I
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be! Let thy

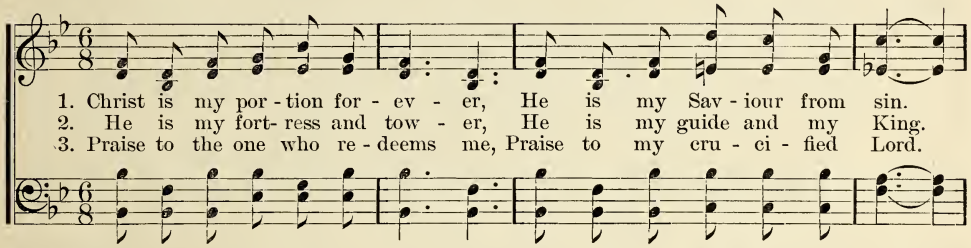
mer- cy nev- er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious son - net,
hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to ar- rive at home. Je-sus sought me as a stran-ger
good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wandering heart to thee: Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,

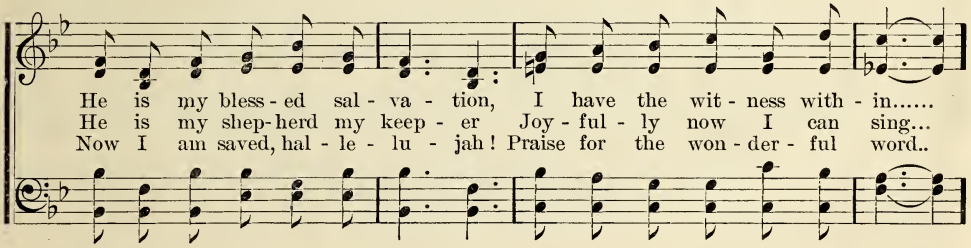
Come, Thou Fount.—Concluded.

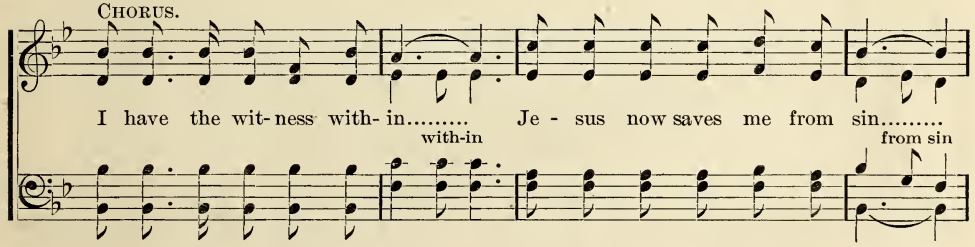


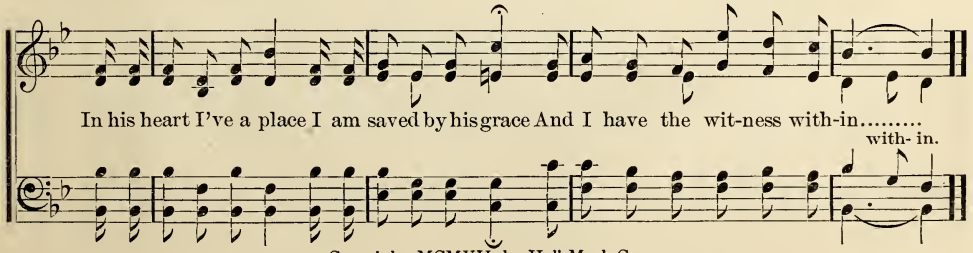
No. 106. The Witness of the Spirit.

J. L. H. J. Lincoln Hall.









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No. 107. Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev'-ry day; Still praying as I
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay; Tho' some may dwell where
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled; For faith has caught the
4. I want to scale the ut - most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright; But still I'll pray till

CHORUS.

onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.
joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on higher ground."
} Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on

heaven's ta-ble-land; A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground.

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No. 108. Send It Now.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Send sal - va - tion, Lord, send thy full sal - va - tion, Lord, Send it now,
2. Send thy par - don, Lord, send thy gra-cious par - don, Lord, Send it now,
4. Send, O send the fire, send the all re - fin - ing fire, Send it now,

send it now,

send it now; Come in sav - ing grace, sweep these al - tars, fill this place,
send it now; Lost with-out thy grace, show thy rec - on - cil - ed face,
send it now; O con-sume our sin, sanc - ti - fy and make us clean,

send it now,

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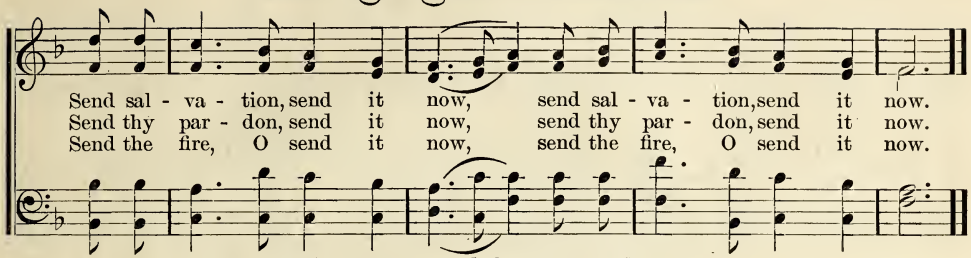
Send It Now.—Concluded.



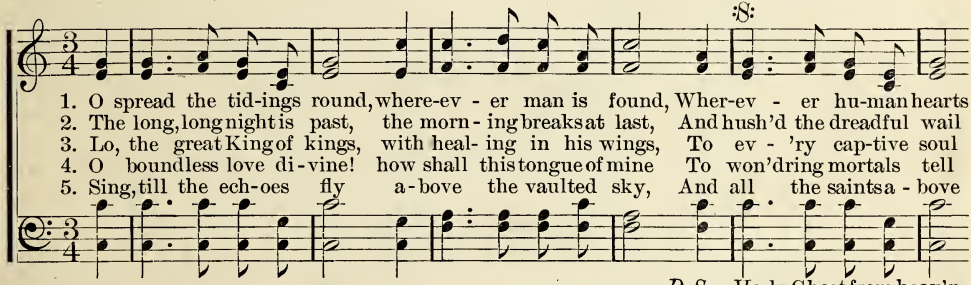
4 Send, O send the power, send the Pentecostal power.
Send it now, send it now;
Blessed Holy Ghost, breathe upon this waiting host,
Send the power, O send it now, send the power, O send it now.

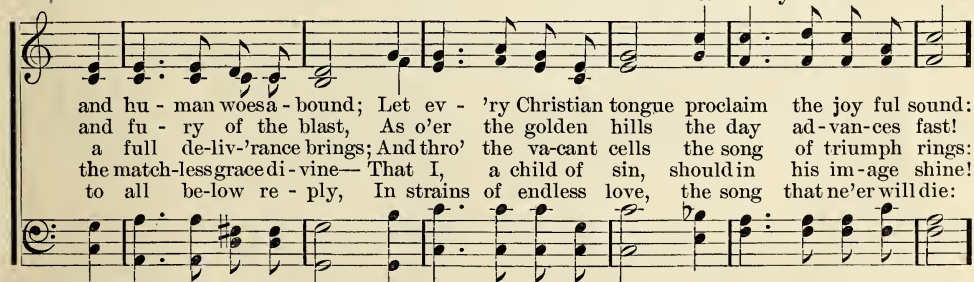
5 For he comes, he comes, lo, the blessed Spirit comes,
Fills me now, fills me now;
Fully saved I am, glory, glory to the Lamb,
For he comes and fills me now, for he comes and fills me now.

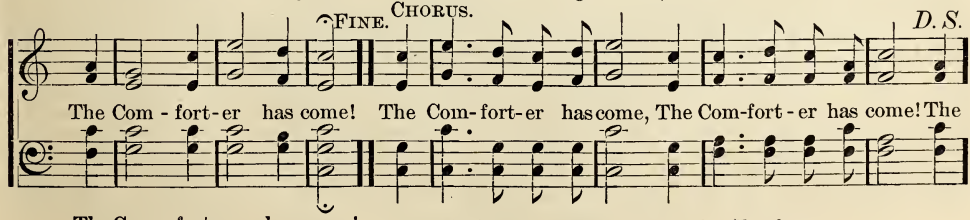
No. 109. The Comforter has Come!

"I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—John 14: 16.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.







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No. 110. 'Tis Burning In My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God sent his might-y pow'r To this poor, sin - ful heart, To keep me ev - 'ry hour, And
2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A will - ing off-'ring now, My
3. No good that I have done, His promise to embrace; Ac-cept - ed in the Son, He

need-ful grace im - part; And since His Spir - it came To take supreme con-trol, The
all from day to day; My Sav-iour paid the price, My name he sweet - ly calls; Up -
saves me by his grace; All glo - ry be to God! Let hal - le - lu - jahs roll! His

love - en - kin - dled flame Is burning in my soul.
on the sac - ri - fice The fire from heav-en falls.
love is shed a - broad, The fire is in my soul.

CHORUS.

'Tis burn-ing in my soul, 'Tis Ho - ly Spir - it came, All

burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly love is burning in my soul. The
glo-ry to his name! The fire of heav'nly love is burning (*Omit*.....) in my soul.
burning in my soul, The burning in my soul.

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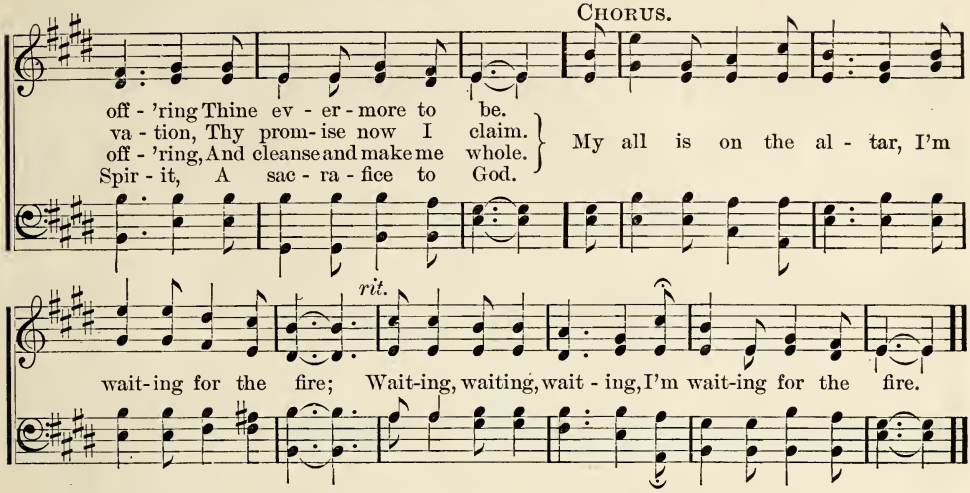
No. 111. Consecration.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A con - se - cra - ted
2. O Je - sus, might-y Sav - iour, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal -
3. O let the fire, de-scend - ing Just now up - on my soul, Con-sume my hum-ble
4. I'm thine, O bless-ed Je - sus; Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy

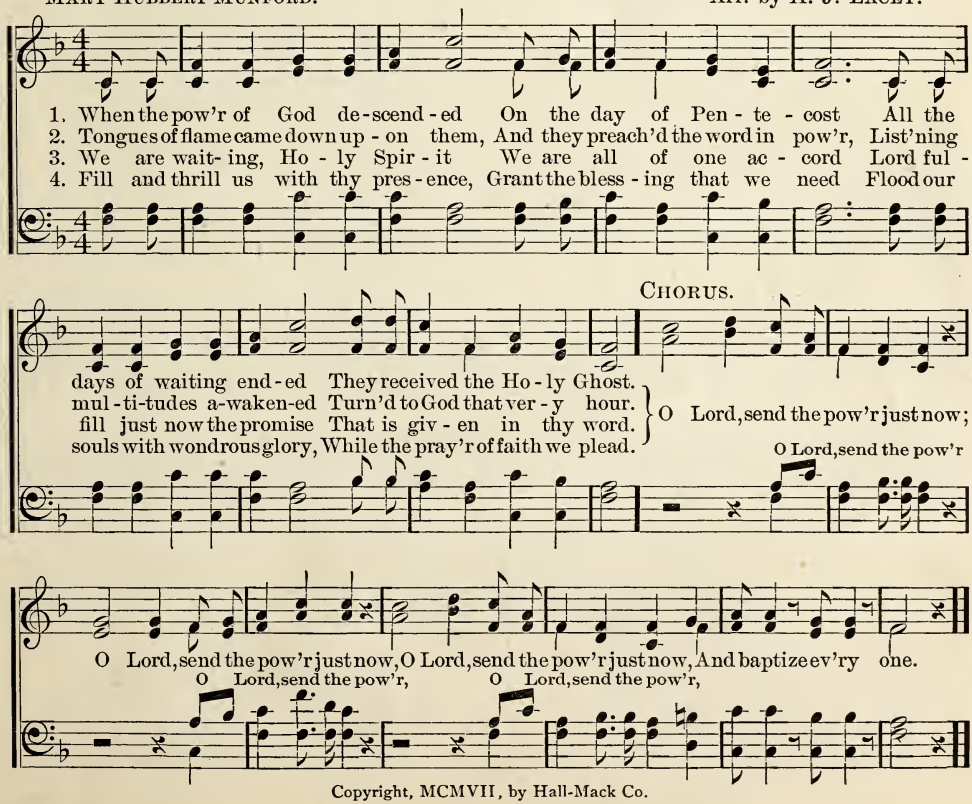
From "Notes of Joy." Used by permission.

Consecration.—Concluded.



No. 112. O Lord, Send The Power.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD. Arr. by H. J. LACEY.



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No. 113. O For a Heart.

CHARLES WESLEY — From LOUIS SPOHR

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
A heart that al - ways feels thy blood So free - ly spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

114. AVON C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY — HUGH WILSON

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side;
This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

No. 115. Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes, D. D. — John R. Sweney

1. Hov-er o'er me, Holy Spirit; Bathe my trembling heart and brow; Fill me with thy hallowed presence,

D. S.—Fill me with thy hallowed presence,

Fine. Chorus. *D.S.*

Come, O come and fill me now. Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come and fill me now;

Come, O come and fill me now.

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2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee;
Come, O come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

116. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE

M. M. W. — M. M. Wells

Fine.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith- ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }

D. C.—Whisp-'ring soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice.

2 Ever-present, truest Friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 117. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too
2. I've wast- ed ma - ny pre- cious years, Now I'm coming home; I now repent with
3. I'm tired of sin and stray- ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust thy love, be -
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength renew, my

Chorus.

long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
} Com- ing home, com- ing home,

Nev - er- more to roam; O- pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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No. 118. And Can I Yet Delay.

Charles Wesley. — Lowell Mason.

1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more;
3. Though late, I all for - sake; My friends, my all re - sign;
4. Come and pos - sess me whole, Nor hence a - gain re - move;

And Can I Yet Delay.—Concluded.

To tear my soul from earth a - way For Je - sus to re - ceive?
I sink, by dy - ing love com-pelled, And own the con - quer - or.
Gra - cious Re - deem - er, take, O take And seal me ev - er thine!
Set - tle and fix my wav- 'ring soul With all thy weight of love.

No. 119. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do ser-vice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;

Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va- ry's tide, There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
Sin stains are lost in its life - giv- ing flow, There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
Would you live dai - ly his prais - es to sing? There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.

CHORUS.

There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb;
There is pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb;

There is pow'r, pow'r, won-der working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

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No. 120. Decide for Jesus.

IRVIN H. MACK. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. How oft a - cross life's nar - row path As on we tread the way,
2. O who will make the stand this day, To take the path of right?
3. The plead - ings oft - en you have heard, The Sav - viour calls you: "come,"
4. The world al - lures with prom - ise vain, Yet death the end must be,

There comes to us the still, small voice, "Give me your heart to day,"
His ways are paths of love and peace, The end is joy and light.
Re - turn tho' far you are a - stray, Your foot - steps turn to "home."
But sweet the life our Sav - iour gives, It lasts e - ter - nal - ly,

CHORUS.

De- cide for Je - sus, de- cide for Je - sus, No long - er make de - lay,

De-cide for Je - sus, de- cide for Je - sus, Make this de - cis - ion day.

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No. 121. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - ry soul by sin op-press'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood, Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join the ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

Only Trust Him.—Concluded.

And he will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in his word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in him with-out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

*On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you, He will (*Omit*.....) save you now.

* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only Trust him."

No. 122. Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un- less thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
4. If thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re - new,

:S: FINE.

O bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh And take me as I am!
And thou can'st make me what thou wilt But take me as I am!
But since to thee I can - not move O take me as I am!
And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

D.S.—bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;..... O
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

No. 123. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming by and
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming by and
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day coming by and

by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be part - ed right and left, Are you
by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you
by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De- part: I know you not!" Are you

CHORUS.

ready for that day to come? Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready

for the judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready For the judgment day?

By per. of Will L. Thompson. East Liverpool, Ohio, and Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 124. For You and For Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten- der - ly Je- sus is calling— Calling for you and for me.
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je- sus is pleading—Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing— Passing from you and from me.
4. O for the won- der- ful love he has promised—Promised for you and for me.

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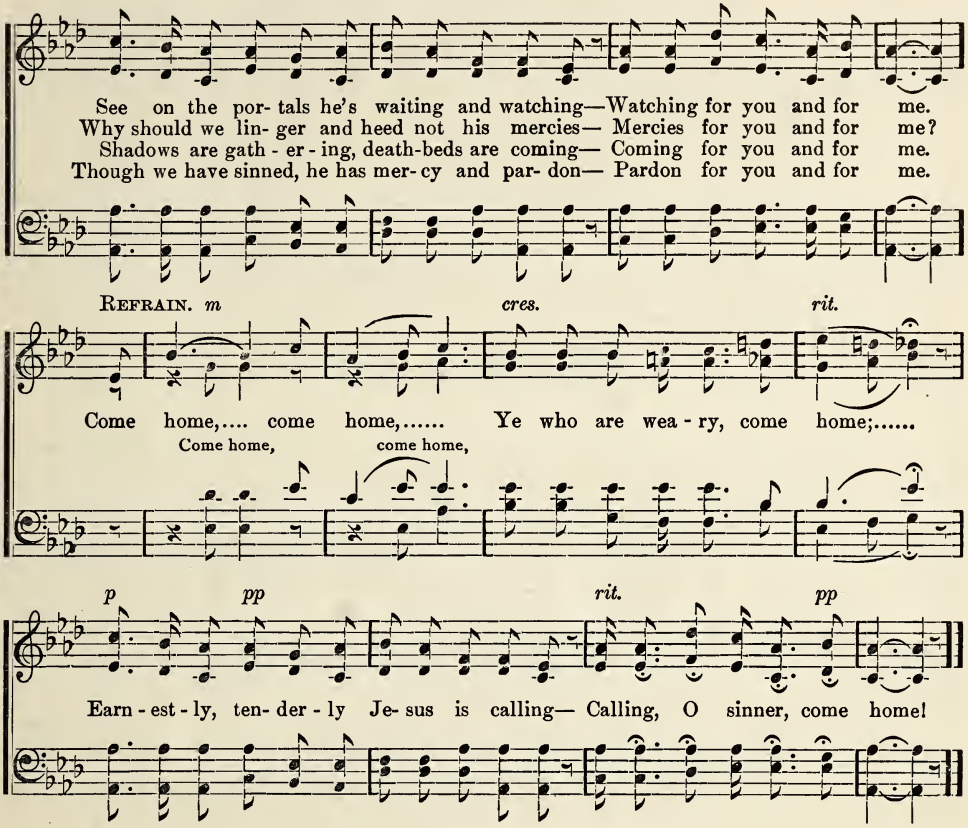
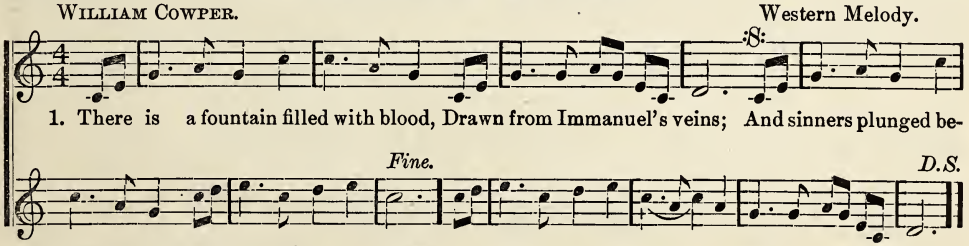
For You and For Me.—Concluded.



No. 125. Cleansing Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'er
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 126. Let Jesus Come into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
4. If friends once trusted have proven un - true, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;

If you de - sire a new life to be - gin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Fount-ains for cleansing are flow-ing near by, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
If there's a void this world nev-er can fill, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Find what a Friend he will be un - to you, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
If you would en - ter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

Chorus.

Just now your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;
5th v. Just now my doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;

Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Just now, I o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

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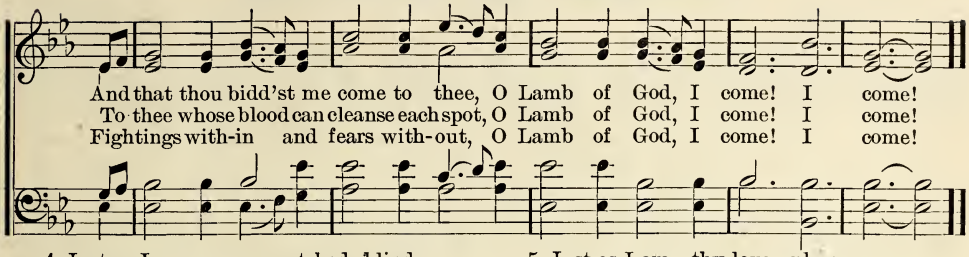
No. 127. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,

Just As I Am—Concluded.



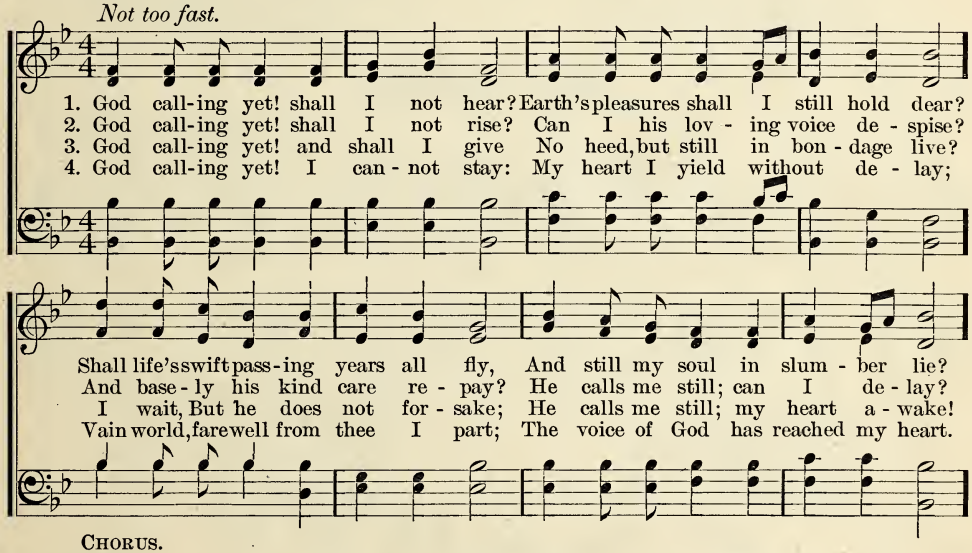
4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken ev'ry barrier down:
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

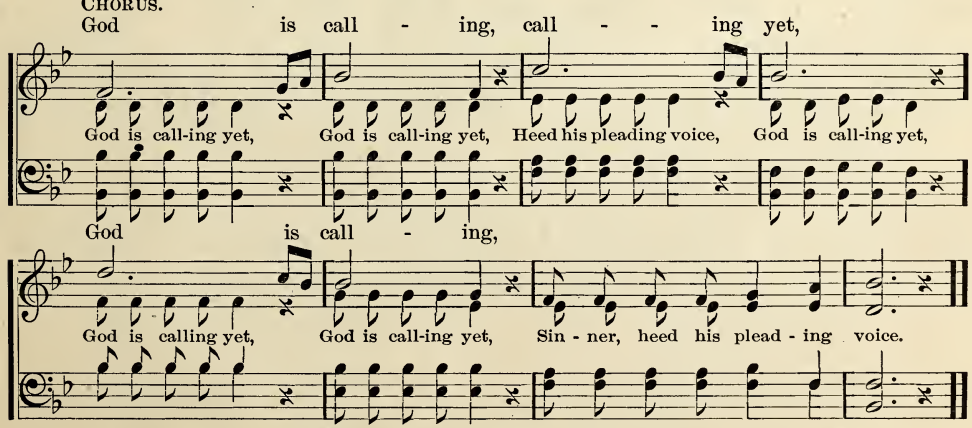
No. 128. God Calling Yet.

J. BORTHWICK. JOHN.

Not too fast.



CHORUS.



This Hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God

No. 129. Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART. JEAN J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;
D. C.—He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more.

D. C.

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r:

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

No. 130. He is Calling.

FABER. Arr. by J. S. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea:
{ There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than (*Omit*.....) lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.

He is call - ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad - ly haste to thee.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple.
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 131. Oh! Come, and Will You Go?

CHARLES WESLEY. ANON.

1. { Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
{ Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest: It is for you, it is for me;

CHORUS.

Oh! come and will you go, will you go, will you go, Oh! come and will you go, Where pleasure never dies.

2 Ye need not one be left behind,
It is for you, it is for me;
For God hath bidden all mankind,
It is for you, it is for me.

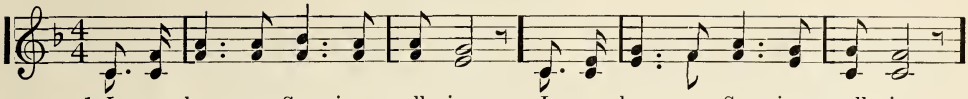
3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

4 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

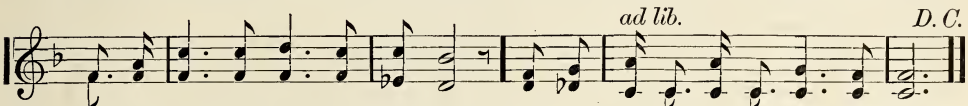
5 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

No. 132. The Way of the Cross.

ANON. ANON.



1. I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing,
D.C.—Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low,



I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing: "Take thy cross, and fol - low, fol - low me."
Where he leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

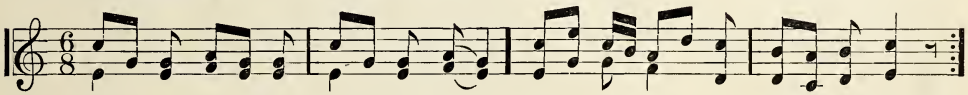
2 I'll go with him through the garden,
I'll go with him through the garden,
I'll go with him through the garden,
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

3 I'll go with him through the judgment,
I'll go with him through the judgment,
I'll go with him through the judgment,
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

4 He will give me grace and glory,
He will give me grace and glory,
He will give me grace and glory,
And go with me, with me all the way.

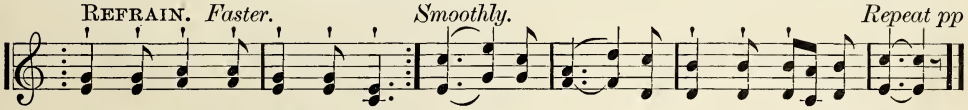
No. 133. Depth of Mercy.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. STEVENSON.



1. { Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
{ Can my God his wrath for - bear, Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?

REFRAIN. *Faster.* *Smoothly.* *Repeat pp*



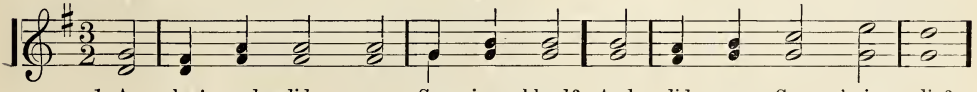
{ God is love, I know, I feel,
{ Je - sus weeps and loves me still, } Je - sus weeps, he weeps and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

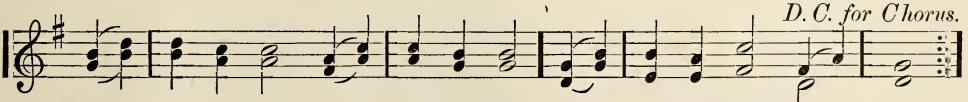
3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

No. 134. I Do Believe.

I. WATTS. Unknown.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;



Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
And thro' his blood, his pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

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